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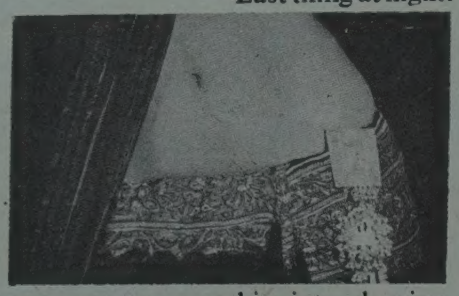
When should Vitamin E fit into your life? You'll probably want to use the beauty fluid at least twice every single day. First thing in the morning either before your cosmetics (Vitamin E is so fast-penetrating that its marvelous under makeup) or alone, to let your skin enjoy a marvellously moist climate. Last thing at night.



to pamper your skin into sleeping hours. Your skin will let you know other times it would benefit from Vitamin E.. whenever it feels dry and its moisture content should be increased.

You could, of course, keep this beautiful secret to yourself, letting family and friends wonder what you're doing to look so glowy. But, like so many good things you can't keep to yourself, Vitamin E is a secret you'll eventually want to share.

Beauty Secrets

When you notice those first little laugh lines, give them special attention. Dryness can make them show more, so dab on extra Vitamin E Skin Oil whenever the thought occurs.

* * *

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INTER COMMUNICATIONS

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In the February issue of

MIRROR

- **Was Ancient Europe Hindu? Were Christ and Krishna the same?** A thought provoking new theory discussed by P.N. Oak—
- **Some Aspects of the Supernatural**—Apa Pant tells of his many supernatural experiences.
- **Of People and Places**—N.J. Nanporia reminisces about war-time Simla.

MIRROR: The informative, entertaining, healthy family magazine.

Incentive

LORRAINE ROSE

Twenty years old. Born in Bombay, now residing in Philadelphia, U.S.A. Studied at Mt. Mary's Convent, Bombay. Second year student; learning Commercial Art and Physical Education at Buck's Country Community College, Pennsylvania. Earned certificates and medals in sports and painting. Interested in swimming, water-skiing, horseback riding, ice-skating and books. Also teaches karate. Plans to take up modelling or teach physical education.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

VOL. XXXIII NO. 5 BOMBAY

CHAIRMAN & MG. DIRECTOR J. K. SOMANI
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STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER B. K. SANIL

PRINTER R. S. SARANGAN

PRINTED & PUBLISHED AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, BOMBAY-400 023

PROPRIETORS EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BOMBAY-400 023

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.
TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.
S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland Rs. 85. Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THIS WEEK

SEXUALITY AND THE HANDICAPPED

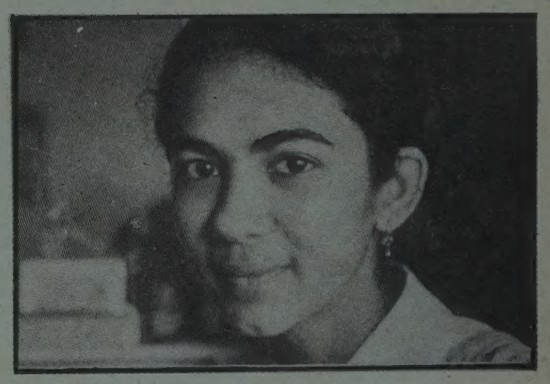
Many physically handicapped persons find themselves at a loss when it comes to tackling their sexual problems. An eye-opening article, based on interviews with disabled persons.
Page 10.

GERMAINE GREER IN INDIA

Author of "The Female Eunuch", Germaine Greer is among the most prominent of present-day feminists. An exclusive interview.
Page 38.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Instead of the customary third person account of the courageous life of a physically handicapped person, this week we publish the poems written by a young girl on her death-bed.
Page 28.



LOVE IS BLIND

A physical disability in one spouse is no different from any other problem a married couple has to face, say four married couples.
Page 14.

IMAGES OF WOMEN

Beginning the occasional monitoring of recently released Indian films for their portrayal of women.
Page 42.

ALSO

Make it yourself: Attractive covers for milk bottles — **Page 19** Eve Today: Indira Dhanrajgir, rebel poetess — **Page 21** Step by Step Cookery: Chicken Hollandaise — **Page 23** Film Interview: Feroze, the terrible Khan — **Page 34** IYC Feature: Corporal punishment, to beat or not to beat — **Page 17** Mechanics: It's Simpler Than You Think — **Page 44.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Comics/**22**, Passing Through/**25**, Fashion/**26**, Cookery/**31**, Young Viewpoint/**35**, Short Story/**36**, Frankly Speaking/**47**, People & Events/**48**, Horoscope/**50.**

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
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1st PRIZE

EARNING NOT ENOUGH

Nearly everyone suffers from the notion that being economically independent means liberation for women. Hundreds of women in the lowest income group would feel liberated if they did not have to work outside the home (they are already so overburdened by poverty and work inside the home) and if their menfolk could make enough money to support them and the family. There are countless women who, although they work for wages, are speechless and powerless before their husbands or other male guardians — is this equality or liberation? There are yet others who bring in the money for their husbands to spend on alcohol or other addictions.

So let there not be attempts only to find wage employment for women. Let women be enabled to discover their individuality and worth. If they have a poor image of themselves, no amount of economic independence will help them to correct it and see themselves as valuable and important to the economy. They have to be taught to develop their personality and confidence so as to discover themselves as individuals. This is the only way they can work towards liberating themselves, so that whatever a woman has chosen — a career in the home or outside it — she, and others, can see and appreciate how valuable her contribution is to the nation.

PADMA RAMACHANDRAN
Trivandrum

It is true that even earning women are still intimidated by their husbands and in-laws, and have no say in anything pertaining to themselves or their homes. However, we do believe that economic independence is a vital step towards liberation — more and more women with the backing of money behind them, are finding their voices and asserting their individuality.

2nd PRIZE

COMPUTERISED CUPID

The latest in matrimonial fashions in the West is marriage by computer, and according to a survey conducted in Bonn by Kiel demographer, Hans Jurgens, computer marriages are three times as successful as love marriages.' The rising divorce rate has led many to believe that a personal choice of individuals is not reliable and that mathematical methods may prove better. We in India, on the other hand, are trying to move away from arranged matches to marriage by choice which allows more personal freedom. Are ideas merely travelling in circles or are computer marriages just the beginning of a highly mechanised existence leading to "conception by formula, test-tube babies reared in incubators, intensively educated in factory schools and conditioned for work by laboratory methods"? Those who are horrified by the prospect may take comfort in the fact that computers are not infallible. To a computer, a damaged watch is a better bet than a watch that runs slow by a second a day because the first shows the correct time at least twice a day while the other does so only once in 120 years! The human mind, thank God, is more "noble in reason, infinite in faculties!

LEELA RAMASWAMY
Bangalore

Of course, we don't need these new-fangled methods when we have our own "infallible" computers in the form of parents, relatives, well-wishers, horoscopes and professional match-makers! Walking on the moon, or having test-tube babies...what's the difference? Science has already knocked off quite a few 'old-fangled' notions. We'll just have to wait and watch.

3rd PRIZE

BETTER THEY DIE

Recently the newspapers have been reporting Vinobha Bhave's on-again, off-again decision to fast unto death unless cow slaughter is banned. I am not a beef eater, but when I see the way animals are treated in our country, I sometimes wonder whether slaughter is not, after all, the most merciful way of ending their miserable existence. During the floods last September some cowherds took refuge near our home. I used to watch the calves being forcibly restrained from getting at their mothers until almost the last drop of milk had been drawn from them and sold. I understand that in some communities it is the custom to kill a newborn calf and stuff it with straw and then place it near the mother so that its smell will induce the mother cow to yield more milk. In fact, some days later one of the cows died absolutely untended by its owner and its carcass lay by the roadside till I informed the municipal authorities.

I see stray puppies the targets of urchins' stones and fallen horses being whipped till they rise. Having learnt from a friend in the S.P.C.A. that the police are empowered by law to prevent such cruelty, I drew a constable's notice to one such beating only to receive a curt and sarcastic reply. How different from the Englishman who decried his neighbour's ill-breeding: "He not only attempted to kiss my wife, he even kicked my dog".

MYOLA PEREIRA,
Delhi

Cruelty to animals seems one of those ingrained facts of Indian life. Misplaced religiosity demands a ban on cow slaughter, but no one really cares what happens to the cows that are "saved".

EXPOSURES AND OVERTURES

The storm still rages with unabated fury over the so-called indecent exposure of Zeenat in SSS. Perhaps this sort of baring does run against the grain of a strict Indian upbringing. After all, a lot of these arbitrary moral limits depend on ones's culture and way of thinking. However, the bit that still leaves me very confused is when our men-folk recoil at the sight of exposed female anatomy, even on the screen; why is it, then, that the well-clad Indian woman going about her business on our city streets, has to bear with the offensive onslaught of Eve teasers, why does she have to put up with the lewd insinuations, and obsene gestures of fellow road-users?

In the West, a woman with a striking figure, shapely legs or other remarkable physical endowments merits looks of frank appreciation, which she takes as a compliment. Nothing so frank and open in our country! Yet we read about the boom in the circulation of pornographic material — surely this is the result of greater demand. And from whom? The same people who suffered moral affront at the sight of Zeenat on the screen, regardless of the circumstances and background of the movie. A low-cut blouse or a pallav blown askew gets anything from sly, furtive glances to openly lascivious stares; granted this is what comes naturally to every Adam on the face of the earth, then why not accept it as nature's way and stop being hypocritical?

D. KHAN,
Hyderabad

Hypocrisy, thy name is Man (Indian). But, what can you expect of a tribe which calmly says: "I cannot take my wife to such-and-such film; it's so vulgar" — and then proceeds to rape her every night and make her submit to all his perversions.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

ADVOCACY FOR CHILDREN

We have gone through with interest the Eve's Weekly IYC special issue (Dec. 23). The different aspects of child welfare that you have so ably covered in the special issue are extremely relevant to the situation prevailing in this country.

May I convey to you the appreciation of the Department for your notable contribution in the cause of advocacy for the child by way of this IYC issue? One of the objectives of the International Year of the Child is advocacy. It is my fervent hope that the succeeding issues of Eve's Weekly in 1979 will continue to promote the cause of children with focus on their basic needs.

SARAN SINGH, Dept. of Social Welfare, Government of India, New Delhi.

MIDWIFE DADS

With reference to your article on Midwife Dads in the January 13 issue of your magazine, no doubt it is a new thought for India, where men are not even allowed to enter the labour room to witness the labour.

We hear of so many wives and children being abandoned by the fathers, we hear of so many fathers taking little or no active part in the bringing up of their children. Maybe this would all be reduced if we allowed dads to play the part of midwives. Perhaps a man who helps bring his own baby into this world will be more involved — emotionally and practically — with the baby. But the fact that husbands may be most incompetent cannot be overlooked. The wives may not have confidence in them. A doctor, being more experienced, will certainly handle the case better. However, I think the first step towards the goal can be to at least allow the husband to witness the labour. This itself will serve some purpose.

I do know of a couple in India where the husband performed the delivery of his child, but he is a doctor, though not a gynaecologist.

Many wives these days want their husbands to be with them when they are having a baby. So why not allow the father to be present in the labour room?

NEELMANI SINGH, Devlali.

Fathers delivering their own babies is an excellent idea. A normal delivery is a simple natural process, which any father and mother can easily understand with a few lessons from a qualified person and safely conduct under supervision.

This team work in delivering the product of their joint efforts, will, I am sure, be a great binding force and eye-opener to many couples. Further, this understanding experience will greatly help the Family Planning Programme.

I hope many doctors will give this bold experiment a fair trial, as I would very much like to do.

DR. MATHEW JOHN, Bangalore.

WHY BE A MOTHER?

"Why be a mother?" by Mikki Hariani (Jan. 20) made fine reading. The author rightly contends that ours is a heavily traditional and extremely child-oriented society, more so because most women feel that they have a psychological need to have children for a variety of reasons. No wonder that Pierce L. in the first edition of the Greek Encyclopaedia of the last century gave this definition of woman: "Female of man, whose purpose is to ensure the continuity of the species". In this context, I am also reminded of what S. T. Coleridge wrote: "What a melancholy world this would be without children".

D. VAIDYANATHAN, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 17, 1979

THE DIAMOND INDUSTRY

The diamond business is booming as never before. A peep into the diamond industry reveals fascinating facts little known in lay circles. Also, information about diamond jewellery, famous Indian diamonds and Kimberley, the home of diamonds.

WOMEN IN NEPAL

Conflicting reports on the reforms meant to improve the lot of women in Nepal. Interviews with the women behind the reforms form the basis of one and the opinions of four ordinary Nepali women are expressed in the other.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE

In 1947 a couple entered into a rather unique and very unconventional kind of marriage contract when a legal marriage would have gone against their convictions and basic principles. A fascinating story.

SHABANA AZMI

on the recent Film Festival.

IN SEX

"I HAVE A HAZY CONCEPT OF A WOMAN'S BODY"

"I had been married for only seven months when I slipped down the stairs and injured my spine," says Mahesh Mulgaonkar, a sales executive in a textile manufacturing company. "As a result, I was completely paralyzed from the waist below. It was the most cruel trick fate could have played on us. Not being able to walk was bad enough but there was the consolation that after a few months I'd at least be able to get around in a wheelchair. What upset me most was the thought that I was no longer a man. And only seven months after marriage! At one point I begged the doctor that I'd give anything to be a man again, that my wife and I wanted children, that this more important than being able to walk again . . ."

"Do you know what the doctor did? He told me sharply to stop getting hysterical, wrote a prescription for sedatives, and that was that. My physiotherapist was a young girl so I couldn't talk to her. There was no one, I tell you, no one at all we could turn to for help".

Like Mahesh, too many handicapped persons find themselves at a loss when it comes to tackling their sexual problems. Professional personnel and institutions, while attending to their physical and vocational rehabilitation, largely tend to pay little importance to issues centering on sex. Even while paying lip service to psychology many fail to recognize that sexuality embodies more than mere physical arousal and a subsequent release of tension, that it is related to how a person perceives himself, i.e. whether the handicap interferes with his appraisal of his masculinity/feminity, that it involves his self-esteem. It influences the way he thinks people are responding to him and this in turn affects his own behaviour. In fact it is a vital area of the personality where physical, emotional and psychological needs intertwine so closely that bypassing the issue can only be retrogressive to creating a general feeling of self-worth conducive to all-round personality rehabilitation.

Even at the purely physical level, the endocrine glands which provide the physical stimulus for sex continue to function among most categories of disabled persons. Moreover, sexual appetite is just one part of the basic human need to love and be loved and sexual behaviour is an outgrowth of the desire to express love in an intimate way where the physical act is a means of communicating deep feelings.

Telling his story nearly eighteen years after his paralysis, Mahesh says: "For a long time I couldn't bring myself to relate to anyone at any level. I was moody, depressed, irritable. I felt life was no longer worth living. No doubt this period must have been as much of a strain on my wife as it was on me. One day, I remember it was exactly two years since my accident, she just pressed my face into her breast and for apparently no reason at all she was crying. I was completely taken aback. I started comforting her and before we knew what was happening we were caressing and making love. Yes, for the first time in two years we were actually being intimate. I suppose it wasn't sex in the normal sense but we could both give and receive some kind of pleasure. What we hadn't realized was that we had starved ourselves emotionally for so long and in that sense it was an even richer experience.

A group of deaf young men enjoying a chat. But about their sex problems who can they 'talk' to?

"But this was only the beginning of our struggle. It brought us together, made us realize what we wanted and realize also that with an effort at least something was possible. We had to work at it, be willing to experiment, teach ourselves through a series of trials and errors. There were many frustrations but very slowly there was a subtle but positive change not only in our marital relationship but in other areas of my life as well. Once I was able to accept that my physical handicap had not deprived me of my masculinity, I began to regain my self-confidence. Friends and colleagues at the office commented on the visible change in me and all I could say is that 'I had begun to think of myself as a vegetable. Now I've learnt I'm still a man'."

Though paraplegia hampers male sexual functioning, in about 70 per cent of the cases some degree of sexual activity is still possible. The ability to have and maintain erection, to ejaculate, and fertility may all be adversely affected but not necessarily extinguished. Many paraplegics experience 'phantom erections', a phenomenon in which an erection may occur without the patient's knowing or feeling it or the sensation of an erection persist without there actually being an erection. It is possible to artificially impregnate a woman with sperms taken from a male paraplegic.

In the female paraplegic, ovulation may be interrupted and menstruation may be irregular. Pregnancy is possible but the woman may have to be hospitalized before the due date since labour pains do not occur and there is a possibility of giving birth unexpectedly. Many have normal deliveries, though a forceps may be required in the final stages of labour.

Besides the physical handicap, the paraplegic suffers from a complete loss of self-esteem owing to his lack of control over urine and stools. Because of this

many withdraw into a neurotic world ridden by anxieties and feelings of inadequacy. Fear and lack of knowledge are the main psychological hurdles that need to be overcome.

When either partner is paraplegic coital positioning requires ingenuity and experimentation. Verbal communication between the couple helps. Even persons who have lost all physical sensation can still gain emotional satisfaction from maintaining a sexual relationship, as well as enhance self-esteem in the knowledge of having satisfied the partner. Babies born are normal though often a child is wanted not for itself but rather as an affirmation of masculinity/feminity of the parents.

The entire spectrum of sexuality and sexual dysfunction being socially repressed subjects, even most professionals, i.e., doctors, psychologists, social workers, are ill-equipped to handle the complex problems involved. Many find themselves confronted by their own culturally conditioned reticence. "This whole emphasis on sex is a Western concept," said one psychologist specializing in rehabilitation counselling. "We are a more philosophical nation. Besides, it is a fundamental principle of counselling that a patient must bring his problem to us. We cannot take the initiative. In fifteen years of practice not a single patient has spoken to me about a sexual problem."

It needs to be recognized that persons traumatized by inadequate sexual functioning or total non-functioning may or may not possess the required ego-strength to bring their own problem to light. They need to be helped to overcome their inhibitions, express their needs, their fears, their feelings of inadequacy. Ignoring their sexual problems will not make them disappear.

Take the case of Veena Harchandrai, who, fourteen years after marriage, succumbed to a polio attack that crippled both her legs and the lower part of her spine. "Some time after the fever came down to normal, the doctor (probably my husband asked him) said it was safe to resume sexual relations. But that was all. He didn't give us any further advice and naturally I was too shy to ask. I have to keep this harness and belt on, and at that time I also had a urinary catheter. All these things used to make me feel terribly clumsy and ugly. I was also afraid sex would be very painful. I cried, I begged my husband to leave me alone, that I had suffered enough, that he could go to other women if he wanted. To this day I don't know and I don't want to know if he ever did.

"He was always kind to me but I noticed that after my illness his attitude changed and he began to treat me almost as if I were a child, sometimes, placing more responsibilities on our children than on me. This began to irritate me. I put all my efforts into becoming self-sufficient. After a few months I was able to do all my household work even though I was confined to a wheelchair. The medical expenses of my illness has eaten into our bank balance so I decided to take up home-tailoring. Nothing can describe the sense of achievement I felt with my first payment. It wasn't much, just Rs. 15 for two cholis, but I was glowing when I gave it to my husband.

"That night he came to my bed. Partly because I had gained some self-confidence and partly because I really did want to be close to him I let him make love to me. It was a little painful, but not unbearable. It was also a bit clumsy but afterwards I stopped feeling ugly. I wonder why we wasted so many months because I was scared."

Mahesh and Veena's cases both illustrate the inter-relationship between sexual functioning and personality adjustment. Male virility being an illogical but prized attribute, when the male is the affected partner resolving the sexual dysfunction may manifest itself on his all-round personality, whereas with the woman more often than not sexual adjustment follows personality adjustment. But both the cases are success stories based on the fact that there was already a marriage and therefore deep personal bonds before the tragedy struck. In the experience of persons who have been disabled from birth or childhood a major difficulty may centre on finding a partner.

Shobha Karvinde, also a victim of polio, who has lost the use of one arm and one leg, is a telephone operator at the All-India Institute for Medical and Physical Rehabilitation and is often pointed out to disabled persons as an example of what can be achieved by sheer courage and determination. She says, "I don't really consider myself handicapped since I have learnt to do almost everything like a normal person, though I may be slow at doing it. When I was in my late teens I believed I'd find a boy and get married like any other girl. But as the years passed and I saw all my normal friends getting married and having children, it dawned on me that this was only a dream, that it would not happen to me. Then a tremendous sense of hopelessness set in. Sometimes I'd be depressed for weeks. When people would say 'see how much Shobha can do' I wanted to cry: 'What's the use of being able to do everything? I'm still lonely. My mother and brother may be very kind to me but that's not the same as having a husband. It's all right for everyone to admire my courage but still no one wants to marry me'."

From the depth of her own loneliness Shobha has been able to reach out to others. Talking to disabled people at the Institute she found that several persons expressed a desire for marriage and also admitted that neither they, nor their parents, had any hopes of their getting married. Shobha and the Institute's psychologist Mrs. M. A. Chaukar decided to set up a marriage bureau for handicapped persons. "In many cases it is possible to find persons with complementary handicaps who could function as a couple in marriage," says Shobha. "For example a person with a non-functional arm could be married to a person with a non-functional leg. The biggest drawback in arranging these marriages is the attitude of the family. Many families feel that one cripple in the house is enough, we can't be expected to cope with two. Families which can be persuaded, insist on the other partner being of their own caste and community.

Narrow social norms may not only be detrimental in the sense of being growth-inhibiting when mindlessly applied to the handicapped, but may also prove to be actually destructive all round. Ashok Ranade, a dwarf barely a metre tall, is being pressurized into marriage just to facilitate the marriage of his younger sister. But Ashok suspects himself to be impotent. He admits, "Frankly I feel no desire at all to get married, but how can I spoil my sister's future?"

The frame of reference defining the perceptions and responses of handicapped persons is coloured by anxieties, inferiorities

THE BLIND MAN CANT EVEN IMAGINE A WOMAN'S BODY; THE SPASTIC CAN LONG FOR SEX, FANTASIZE ABOUT IT BUT HAS NO CONTROL OVER HIS BODY TO ENJOY IT; THE PARAPLEGIC IN HIS WHEELCHAIR IS EQUALLY MISERABLE WITHOUT IT. A PHYSICAL DISABILITY THAT MAKES THEM SEXLESS IN THE EYES OF THE 'NORMAL'. THERE IS SYMPATHY, EVEN PITY, FOR THE PHYSICAL DISABILITY, BUT NO THOUGHT AT ALL FOR THE CRIPPLED EMOTIONS, THE PSYCHOLOGICAL BOTTLING UP OF A LIFE THAT KEEPS HOPING OF SHARING RELEASE, AT LEAST WITH ANOTHER DISABLED.

Meher Pestonji

Shobha Karvinde, a polio victim, runs a marriage bureau for handicapped persons.

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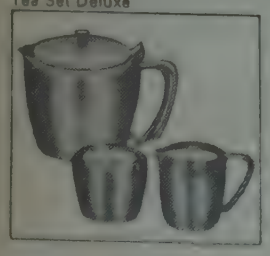

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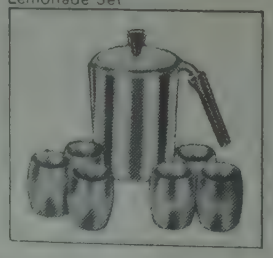

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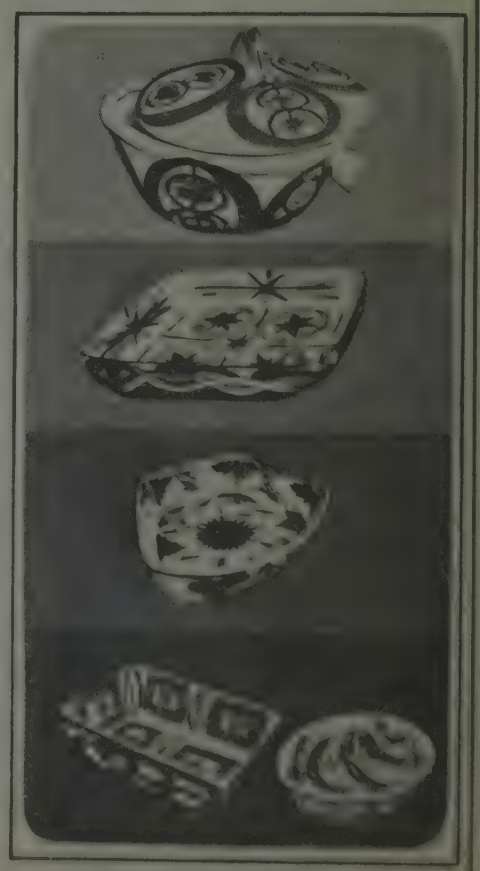

Rajanikant

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"I HAVE A HAZY CONCEPT OF A WOMAN'S BODY"

and often conflicting motivations. Many adjust better in marriage to another handicapped person because each can understand the other's problems. **Several prefer a handicapped rather than a normal partner. Snehalata Kale, who is deaf, says, "My father was ready to give quite a large dowry to get me married. I was shown to several boys and some even agreed to marry me. But I was always afraid of marrying a normal person, afraid I might not be able to make him happy or live up to his expectations. He might become ashamed of me in later life or he might make fun of me when I couldn't hear. Then I saw Vasudeo who has had his right arm amputated after a childhood accident. Vasudeo told my father that he himself had given up all hopes of marriage but that if my father consented, he would marry me without any dowry. When my father asked me I agreed immediately. I felt at last here is someone with whom I can begin life as an equal."**

The deaf, as well as the blind, live in a separate world where communication occurs and values are built along different channels. The deaf have their own sign language; among the blind tactile sensation is one of the main sources of receiving information. The majority of the blind prefer a marriage partner with a similar disability so that they are able to communicate along the same wavelength.

As the blind person cannot experience visual stimuli, normal curiosity about sex may lead him to create bizarre fantasies regarding sexual anatomy and functioning. Since he can neither verify nor repudiate these fantasies, unreal ideas remain unchallenged and may become part of a conceptual system and this could predispose him to maladjustment in adult life.

Faroukh Merchant, a blind college student says, "Why should people imagine that just because I am blind I have no interest in girls or in sex? If anything, I'm even more curious because I can never satisfy my curiosity. When a volunteer comes to read to me I can't ask him to read from a 'naughty' book. And obviously no one thinks of translating these books into braille. Sometimes when a girl leads me from one classroom to another at college, I'm dying to know what she looks like. Especially if her voice is soft, if her touch is gentle. But we have to 'see' by touching and that's out of the question. I know that most girls' hands feel softer than boys', that their voices are different, but quite often I wonder what else is different about them. Yes, of course we learn anatomy and physiology but a lot of it is only words. To be frank I must admit I have a somewhat hazy concept of a woman's body."

Intensified sexual urges that accompany puberty find expression in various socially acceptable and not-so-acceptable outlets. Sometimes the emerging sex drive perpetuates an atmosphere of misconceptions. For years mental retardates were presumed to be dangerously hypersexual because they have a high arrest rate for sex-related crimes such as indecent public exposure. However, on closer scrutiny it was found that this was not the result of a compulsive sex-drive but rather because they had not been specifically taught that exhibitionism is considered socially unacceptable. Homosexuality is widespread in residential institutions for the blind. "Not only that, but once I even came across a man masturbating, because he couldn't see me," says a teacher at an institution for the blind.

Adolescence is a period of storm and stress as a preparation for adult life. It is a period during which the child weans himself emotionally and intellectually from parents and other authority figures and works towards becoming independent. The disabled adolescent experiences all the stirrings towards maturity, yet finds himself in a state of physical dependency. Often he has to cope with the over-protective attitudes of his parents. He has a problem relating to his peers whose criteria for popularity increasingly centre on physical prowess such as sports, swimming and dancing. The loneliness of this period is poignantly described by Christie Brown in his book **My Left Foot.**

Christie Brown is a patient of cerebral palsy (spastic) and his left foot is the only limb over which he has muscular control. "Always, whatever I did, wherever I turned, I felt lonely and restless. It was like living in chains. As my mind developed it grew conscious of my body till the knowledge of my disabilities was enough to give me an almost physical sense of pain . . . at seventeen everything seemed to crowd in on me . . . my emotional life had already begun to emerge . . . all the friendly ties I had formed in childhood were now broken by the rift adolescence wrought between myself and the other boys. It seemed as if instead of coming to a better understanding of myself, as I got older I only became more troubled and bitter. . ."

The handicapped child's adolescence is also a trying period for his parents who find themselves caught in a web of worry, concern and helplessness. Madhumati Pandya has a deaf son and the turbulence of his late teens and early twenties finally caused her to review and revise her convention-oriented values. She says, "I used to see him tossing and turning in his sleep every night. He had no friends, no one he could talk to. For long hours he would stand at the window staring out at two girls in the opposite building. Sometimes he would make faces at them. You see, it was his way of trying to get friendly. But they would only laugh at him. I was terribly worried that he might go to some bad woman and then what would happen to him? When he said, in sign language of course, that he wanted to get married I had something new to worry about. How could I ask anyone to give their daughter to a deaf boy? Will the girl be good to him? Will their children be deaf?

About this time he started going to the youth meetings of the India Deaf Society. After some time he gave me the names of three girls, any of whom he would like to marry. None was from our caste, not even from our community, so I had to refuse. After two months he gave me two other names. This time one was at least a Gujarati even if she was from another caste. I decided to agree and approached her parents. They raised no objections. Now my son has two children and thanks to God both are normal."

As in most instances it is the disabled themselves, either on their own, or functioning as a group, who manage to help each other. As one member of the India Deaf Society put it: "If we were to leave it to society only the very rich or the very beautiful among us would be able to get married. Most of us know we are just average but we too would like to lead as normal a life as possible. And through experience we have learnt that we alone have to reach out to find our own solutions."

At a social gathering of the India Deaf Society.

IN MARRIAGE

Love is blind to ...

It was with a certain amount of trepidation that I fixed up an appointment with Dr. Rajendra Vyas. Marriage itself is considered too personal a matter for discussion and when it comes to discussing 'personal matters' with people who are often (unjustifiably) considered outside the pale of normality, the going can be tricky.

I needn't have worried though. Dr. Vyas and his wife Madhavi's attitudes towards handicaps in general, as well as towards marriage, showed them to a remarkably well-adjusted couple.

Dr. Vyas, born in 1930, became blind at the age of eleven. The absence of sight seems to have scarcely affected his academic or his professional interests. Dr. Vyas, who holds a master's degree in political science, a bachelor's degree in law and who has a doctorate in sociology from Bombay University, is at present regional representative of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind.

In 1960 Dr. Vyas married Madhavi Thakur, the daughter of a well-known film director, producer and writer, Mr. Ramchandra Thakur. Today Dr. and Mrs. Vyas and their three children lead as contented a life as any other happy family.

It all started over eighteen years ago when Madhavi offered to help Dr. Vyas by reading to him regularly. It wasn't long before friendship led to marriage. "Of course, at first I did have friends and relatives asking me why I had chosen to marry someone who was blind," said Mrs. Vyas. But the probing and the disapproving remarks ceased when everyone realized that her mind was made up.

What about her family life? Was it any different from what it might have been if she had married a sighted person? "Different?" she asked. "Perhaps in small ways." It meant that she couldn't send her husband out with a shopping bag and ask him to get the groceries. "Little things like that," she smiled and

"In every marriage there are problems of adjustment, even where neither of the partners is physically handicapped."

told me about a young couple she had recently seen somewhere. Outwardly normal, but quarrelling sharply among themselves and so obviously in a state of disharmony. **"People have hidden handicaps too," she went on. "Anger, obstinacy. When you get married you have to face problems of adjustment, whether or not one of you is 'disabled'."**

Dr. Vyas commented on the need for greater social contact between the blind and the sighted. He felt the lack of contact and hence the lack of understanding between the blind and the sighted was the main reason that so few sighted persons were willing to marry those who were blind. "People often shy away from those who are handicapped because of their deep-rooted thoughts groundless fears of being 'infected'. They don't realize that being married to a blind person does not mean that you go blind yourself! Only education and increased social contact will enable people to see for themselves that a disability like blindness or a physical handicap does not detract from a person's normality."

Marriage, according to Dr. Vyas, fills an important biological and social need in man. A need that is felt, regardless of whether a person is 'normal' or handicapped. "But it also implies the raising of a family, "Dr. Vyas continued. "And the first question that comes to mind, whether or not a man is disabled, is whether he will be able to provide for a family. The traditional yardstick for marriage, of course, is the partner's means, his capacity to earn. A disabled person who is economically self-sufficient has a greater chance of finding a spouse than one who is not." The catch is that disabled people find it far more difficult to land jobs than those who are able-bodied.

Dr. Mehta, a professor of German at Max Mueller Bhavan, wanted to know why the article was specially concerned with marriage. "Why should our marriage be different from anybody else's?" he asked, looking across at his wife Sarla. "Sure, I have problems, like other handicapped people, which crop up in everyday life and I'm most willing to discuss them, but marriage...?"

Dr. Mehta was born and brought up in Pallanpur, a place he has happy memories of, despite the fact that it lacked the medical facilities that he needed, after he went down with an attack of polio.

After obtaining a bachelor's degree in history and in law, Dr. Mehta went to Germany, where he worked for his doctorate in political philosophy. It was at the Indo-German Cultural Society that he met Sarla, who happened to be a student, over thirteen years ago. "I didn't even notice anything was wrong," she said. "As far as I was concerned, I, with my buck teeth, was the one with the handicap." (She's had them straightened since!).

Sarla echoes Mrs. Vyas. A physical disability is really like any other problem that a married couple has to face. "To me, a husband with an outsized paunch,

"To me a husband with a big paunch would seem more of a liability," says Sarla Mehta whose husband suffered from an attack of polio in childhood

for instance, would seem much more of a liability. It seems all the more inexcusable because a paunch is something that you can get rid of — unlike a bad leg."

"Of course we face problems, but nothing very important," Sarla went on. She told me how her husband found it difficult to walk because of the state the roads were in. They seldom go for strolls and sometimes when they go to a movie, it's necessary

Handicaps

to book seats near the exit so that the coming and going is managed with a minimum amount of fuss. "But these are minor hassles," Sarla insists. "The main idea in any marriage, surely, is for two people to be able to communicate with each other, to get along with each other."

Dr. Mehta has some strong views on marriages between handicapped people. "It's ridiculous for two people with similar disabilities to get married," he says. "Where's the point in two blind people or two physically disabled people marrying each other? One should marry a person who complements one's abilities, who is able to provide one with what one does not have."

He believes that it is extremely important for people with handicaps to mix socially with members of the opposite sex — even more important than for ordinary people. "It is when you feel that you are accepted by the opposite sex that you finally overcome your handicap."

"When I returned to India from Germany," said Dr. Mehta, "I was quite happy in my job. Academically too, I had proved successful. But it was not until I married Sarla that I really felt rounded, as a person. Once you feel the acceptance of the opposite sex your confidence increases a hundred fold." For this reason too, Dr. Mehta thinks that it is important for people with handicaps to marry those who are able-bodied.

Both Dr. Mehta and Sarla stressed the need, as Dr. Vyas had, for people to accept those who were handicapped. Dr. Mehta cited cases in Germany, of young girls being asked to come up and marry wounded war veterans. "Many of them did," says Dr. Mehta. "And their marriages have turned out to be successful, too."

The Mehtas, whose twelve-year-old son is in a boarding school in Gwalior, spend their leisure time like any other couple in Bombay — with friends or by themselves — swimming, reading, or just chatting with each other.

Of the handicapped, the deaf are probably worst off when it comes to marriage

Of all those who are handicapped, the deaf are probably the worst off when it comes to marriage — much more than we realize. Because their appearance doesn't give their disability away, the deaf tend to attract far less attention than the blind or the physically handicapped. But the inability of the deaf to communicate through the normal channels of communication sets up an almost indestructible barrier between themselves and the outside world. For this reason the deaf tend to live in a community of their own, socializing with and marrying their own kind.

Harinath Pedada, who is an artist, met the girl he was to marry eight years ago. They were introduced to each other by a mutual friend. "She liked the idea of marrying an artist," Harinath signed to me with a grin. "So she got her parents to send along a proposal." Being a Brahmin, Harinath's parents were jolted at the thought of their son marrying a non-Brahmin girl. But Harinath went ahead and shortly after the birth of their son, his parents came round to accepting their daughter-in-law.

The Pedada's problem is that they have hardly been able to live together in Bombay, where Harinath works, as he doesn't earn enough to support his wife and child. His earnings from his paintings are erratic and, he says, he could do with a little help when it came to exhibiting his work. "It's the well-placed and the influential artists who succeed!" he said.

Like most deaf people, Harinath thinks it is best for the deaf to marry each other. "Communication is impossible unless the hearing partner learns sign language, and there are very few who are interested in doing that."

One of the few is Mrs. Rajwadkar whom I met recently at the India Deaf Society. She has been married for ten years now to Mr. Vasant Rajwadkar, secretary of the Society and a very successful commercial artist and designer.

The Rajwadkars' marriage was semi-arranged by a family friend. "He was a pleasant man and very considerate, so I agreed to marry him," says Mrs. Rajwadkar. For the first few months she had to put up with questions her friends asked her — why did she choose to marry a person who was deaf? But he did seem nice, and so good tempered. There was a time of doubt when she wondered how she would ever be able to communicate with him. But he taught her sign language, said Mrs. Rajwadkar, so that now she can exchange her thoughts with him, as she would with anybody who was 'hearing'.

From time to time one does read of the odd matrimonial advertisement suggesting the readiness of the advertiser to marry a 'handicapped' person provided he or she is a person of means. There is no need to speculate on the motivation behind such advertisements. There are also instances of 'normal' people marrying those with disabilities and soon after making off with their inheritance or whatever they can lay their hands on.

"It is best for the deaf to marry each other. Otherwise, communication is impossible unless the hearing partner learns sign language."

But it is the successful marriage that indicates that perhaps there will come a day when marriage either between two handicapped persons or between the handicapped and the 'normal' will be taken for granted and stop sending up eyebrows in amazement or disapproval.

Uma Ranganathan

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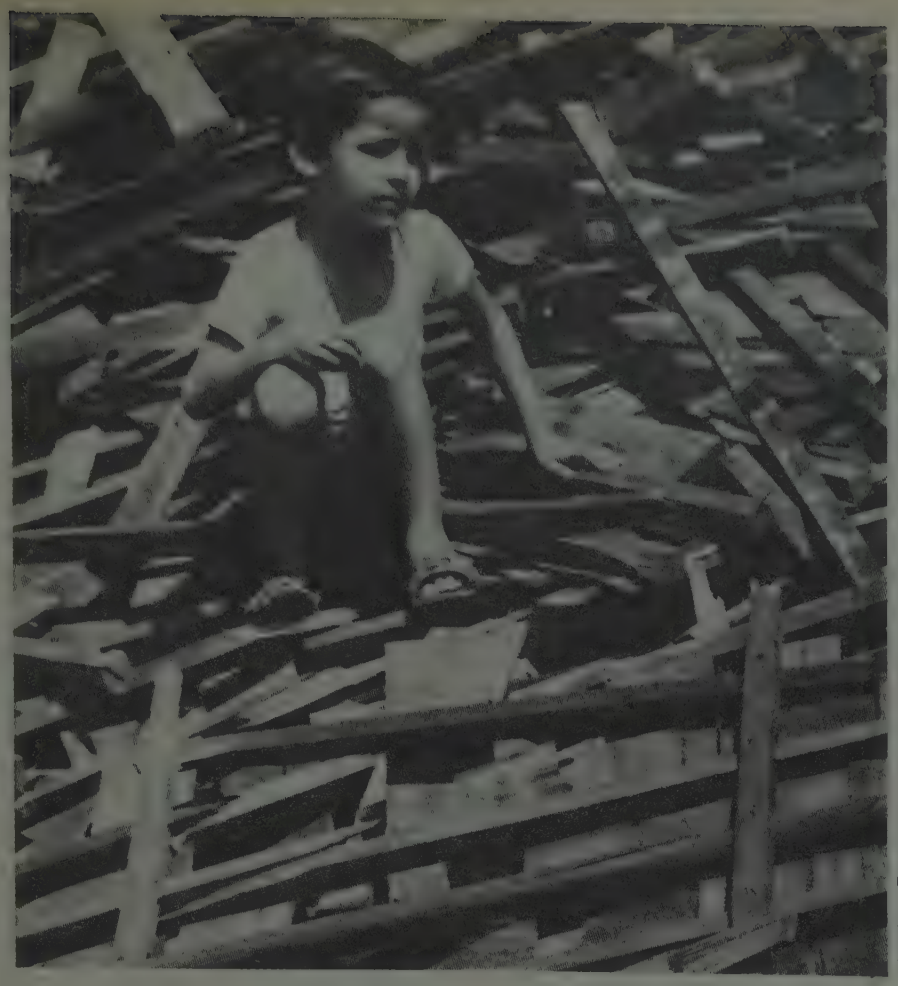

Brahm Dev

TO BEAT OR NOT TO BEAT

Shalan Savur

Spare the rod.... and what?
Beating a child can lead to neurosis, delinquency.
Not punishing it can spoil it, too.
But where does punishment end and cruelty begin?

He lives in a tiny little world of his own, a world full of fantasies and fairies. Of bright yellow sunshine and gurgling laughter. One swish of the much-dreaded cane, and the same happy little child is reduced to a cowering, whimpering little animal, whose only thought is to hide, whose bewildered little mind cannot grasp the "enormity" of his "crime".

And from a very tender age the child's mind is fitted into a mould where beating is natural. And as he grows up, though visually he may not flinch from the pain, what about the shame inflicted on his mind? Does he obey out of repentance, of pain, of shame? When he matures into an adult, he forgets all these painful humiliations. What is left is a hardened crust of a mind which realizes that beating makes the other person do what he wants. A cycle is perpetuated.

How can this cycle be broken? Corporal punishment, which has to a certain extent become a part and parcel of Indian education, is looked upon in shocked disbelief by most European countries. An interesting fact which was brought out by a recent survey was that areas colonized by the British tend to carry on the "old English tradition" of corporal punishment.

Today, in Europe, only a few countries continue this practice. Inspired by John Locke's "Some Thoughts on Education", Poland abolished corporal punishment in 1783 and re-affirmed it in 1918. In West Germany two "Landers" have completely done away with caning, while other schools are subject to strict rules and regulations. Holland abolished caning in the 1850s, France in 1887, Finland in 1890, Norway in 1935, Sweden in 1958, Denmark in 1968 and Israel and Japan soon after the Second World War. A few states in the U.S.A. have also abolished physical punishment.

The Russian attitude on this subject is brought out clearly by the Academy of Pedagogical Science in Moscow: "Corporal punishment is absolutely excluded from the Soviet system of training, since it creates in the child a tendency to blind imitation and to the discipline of the stick. Corporal punishment cannot raise the conscious awareness of the pupil and change his character for the better. On the contrary, in an effort to avoid these punishments, children may employ deceit,

Continued on page 41

UNICEF/ Aziz

ABOVE: Parents have no sense of adventure. Almost everything that gives pleasure to a child provokes an adult 'No!' or 'Don't do it!'. Sometimes a beating follows.

LEFT: Fear of failure rather than love of learning. "One student becomes a nervous wreck when exams approach because his mind is dwelling on the beating he will receive from his father if he fails," says a school principal.

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However, if your breast milk is not sufficient for baby, start him on Amulspray.

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ATP AB 24

LITTLE THINGS... mean a lot

UNUSUAL MILK BOTTLE COVERS THAT ARE QUICK TO CROCHET

Materials: Knitting Cotton: 1 ball each Green 185, Yellow 305, Pink 50, Red 46, Black and White. Crochet hook no. 14. 2 milk bottles. Small pieces of red, black and white felt for eyes, nose and mouth. Few lace flowers. Red braid 27 cms. in length.

Measurement: Height of bottle covers — 21 cms.

Abbreviations: ch=chain; s.s. =slip stitch; tr.=treble; rep.= repeat; ch. sp.=chain space; st. =stitch; sp.=space.

MAN

Instructions:

Base: With green thread work 6 ch., join with a s.s. to form a ring.

1st round: 3 ch., 16 tr. in the ring, s.s. to top of 3 ch.

2nd round: 3 ch., 2 tr. in each tr., s.s. to top of 3 ch.

3rd round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in each tr. s.s. to top of 3 ch.

4th round: As 2nd round.

5th and 6th round: As 3rd round.

7th round: 3 ch., 1 tr. between next 2 tr., * 1 ch., miss next 2 tr., 1 tr. after 2nd tr., rep. from * s.s. to top of 3 ch., fasten off Green thread and join White thread.

8th round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in next 1 ch. sp., * 1 ch., 1 tr. in next 1 ch. sp., rep. from * s.s. to top of 3 ch.

9th round: 4 ch., 1 tr. in next sp., * (1 ch., 1 tr. in next sp.) 3 times, 1 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from * end with (1 ch., 1 tr. in next sp.) 3 times, 1 ch., s.s. to 3rd of the 4 ch.

10th round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in next sp., rep. from * s.s. to top of 3 ch.

11th round: 4 ch., 1 tr. in next sp., * 1 ch., miss next sp., 1 tr. in next sp., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next sp., rep from * end with 1 ch., s.s. to 3rd of the 4 ch., fasten off White thread and join Yellow thread.

12th round: As 8th round.

13th round: As 9th round.

14th round: As 10th round.

15th round: As 11th round, fasten off Yellow thread, join White thread and rep. 8th to 11th rounds once more. Fasten off White thread and join Green thread, rep. 8th, 9th, and 10th rounds, fasten off.

Top Cover: With Pink thread work 5 ch., join with a s.s. to form a ring.

1st round: 3 ch., 11 tr. in the ring, s.s. to top of 3 ch.

2nd round: 3 ch., 2 tr. in each tr., s.s. to top of 3 ch.

3rd round: 3 ch., work 1 tr. between each 2 tr., s.s. to top of 3 ch.

4th round to 9th round: As 3rd round, fasten off Pink thread and join Green thread.

1st Green round: Work as last Pink round, but work 15 tr. in Green thread, next 3 tr. in Pink thread and the rest in Green thread, s.s. to top of 3 ch.

2nd round: Work as first round but work only 2 Pink tr. (between the 3 Pink tr. of previous round) and the rest in Green thread.

3rd round: Work as above, but work only one Pink tr. (in centre of 3 Pink tr. of previous round) and the rest in Green thread, fasten off Pink thread.

Continued on page

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

Leave that razor alone!

Cream hair away the lovely Anne French way

What's a girl like you doing with that razor? Shaving? But it's for men!

A razor cuts the hair from just above the skin surface, leaving behind an ugly razor stubble... even nicks and cuts! What you need is gentle, feminine Anne French Hair Remover.

It works below the surface of the skin where no razor can reach. And it's so simple to use. Just apply the cream. Wait a while...and wipe it off along with the unwanted hair.

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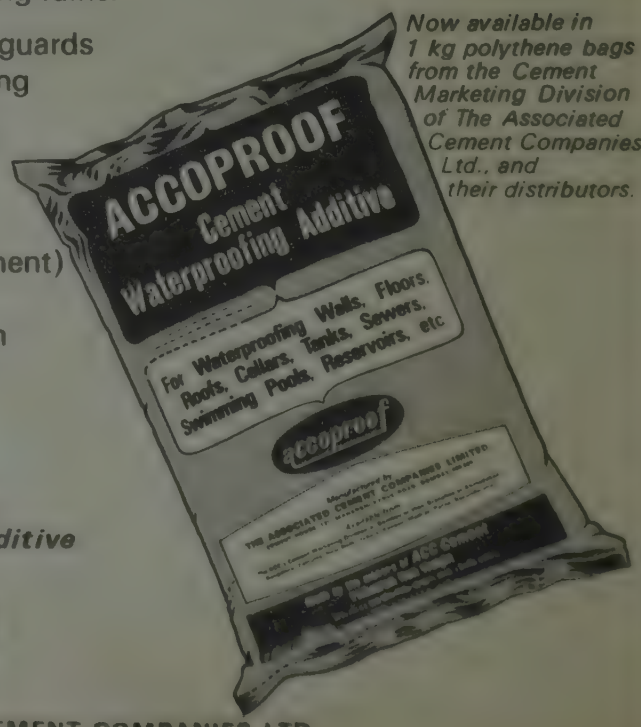

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EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

INDIRA DHANRAJGIR

A REBEL POETESS

Recently in Delhi for a four-day writers' convention was Indira Devi Dhanrajgir, a poet who writes in English. She appeared on the creative scene in the 1950s and has been translated into many languages. The Urdu translations were done by no less a person than Makhdoom Mohiuddin.

Indira Devi Dhanrajgir's poems have the sweep and majesty of the epic. Her long poem **'Partings in Mimosa'**, written in 1964, has the spirit and grandeur that would put it among the immortal poetry of the modern generation. In **'Poems of My National Memory'** she reflects concern for humanity, interprets the betrayal of a people by an age which extended many hopes and hatched none of those dreams. She says : "For many of us who live in a large country like India the 20th century is synonimous with rooflessness, poverty and hunger, and a poet conscious of this historic reality symbolizes the collective consciousness of a whole people in his works. The literature of every country has not only chronicled the time but has also attempted to refashion the destiny and character of man." This book was written and published during the Emergency. Now she is busy writing an autobiography, **The Tree of My Womanhood.**

Indira Devi is actively involved with the All-India Women's Conference and the All-India Languages Forum in Hyderabad, where she lives with her well-known Telugu poet husband Sheshendra Sharma. She is also member of the Central Board of Film Censors, the Handicrafts Board and the Children's Film Committee of Andhra Pradesh.

She started writing very early, at the age of nine. "But it took me years to perfect my art... to simplify myself and flow with a certain felicity.... like a river. Writing a poem is each time like learning to speak, even though you know the grammar, even though you have learnt the alphabet, even though you can speak fluently. But a poem is not that speech: it is re-learning to express the new experience of a recreated world that is always leaving you, for it is being reborn and the dimensions keep changing. They become illusive and then your speech or vocabulary is inadequate to capture these visions."

Born in an affluent family, she never went to school but had the best possible education at home. However, this affluence has also been her major tragedy. "To them (family) I was just a woman who had no right to her individuality; circumstances clipped my wings. I had an unhappy childhood and youth... I could never com-

promise with ignorance all around me. I did not even have parents who understood me or ever helped me to achieve anything. They did not dream for me and could never understand my dreams. I had to struggle all the way, first to become economically free and then to retain my independence. No assistance came from my so-called 'affluent' family. I can proudly say that I am a self-made person."

How did she assert her individuality?

"Silently. I moved away from that world where nothing moved, where generations waited for their decay to pass out of this life. I had found meaning in my existence when I had turned to writing... so I spent long years perfecting my art... asserting my individuality. Day by day I was moving away from the debris of the past, into a world of action, into a world full of promise and surprise... It was in that world, freed from all shackles, that Sheshendra and I met and we got married."

Is it any different marrying a writer? And has it been possible to retain her individuality?

"It is a matter of understanding. In marrying a writer a woman marries his depths, his symbols, his images. In such marriages the woman must cope with his transformation, his drive and urge for constant movement and change, allowing herself to be driven each time into a new transfiguration with a frenzy. The wife must understand his dissimilarity with other men. A writer is more alive and therefore more demanding. An intellectual husband is the most impulsive person one has ever known, also the most enchanting. But despite this a woman can and must retain her individuality, which I have managed to do."

Why did she choose English as the medium for writing?

"At that time it was the only language available to me in which I could write with confidence... and I was perhaps too much in a haste to begin writing. I could have chosen Hindi, Urdu, or Marathi... But I didn't... it is difficult to explain now. I must confess I do not feel so strongly about English. Had I known French I would have preferred to write in that language for I find it lends itself better to poetry."

Indira advocates strong steps to change the present status of women in India. She firmly believes that if the planners really wish to see the lot of Indian women improve and really mean to give her the status of an individual they MUST amend the Hindu Law further. The woman should have the same rights as a male member of the family. Until such changes are introduced the woman's lot in this country will never change. Women should reassess their inheritance laws and seek an immediate solution, she says.

Saroj Vasishth

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

Inc. 1979. World rights reserved.

Lady in a furniture store: "I am doubtful about whether I want a divan or an armchair."

Clerk: "Lady, you can't make a mistake on a nice, comfortable armchair like this."

Lady: "Okay, I'll take the divan."

* * *

Diner: "What's wrong with these eggs?"

Waitress: "Don't ask me. I only laid the table."

* * *

"My wife says she's going to leave me if I don't stop running around."

"Too bad!"

"Yeah, I'm going to miss her."

* * *

The doctor had just finished giving the playboy a thorough examination.

"The best thing for you to do," he said, "is to quit drinking, smoking, get to bed early and stay away from women."

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Doc," said the patient, "I don't deserve the best. What's the next best?"

* * *

He acquired a sudden ambition to raise electric eels and accordingly went out and bought a big, fat easy male member of the species. Then after an intensive search, he found a female.

He put them in a bowl and waited. But nothing happened.

Eventually he lost patience. "Look here, you electric eels," he snarled. "I paid big money for you two and I gave you a nice place to live and the finest food, but I've still got just two eels. What's the matter?"

"Well, sir," explained the eel. "It's this way — I'm A.C. and she's D.C.."

* * *

After several unsuccessful advances, the bachelor asked his alluring but standoffish date, "Do you shrink from making love?"

"If I did," she sighed, "I'd be a midget."

* * *

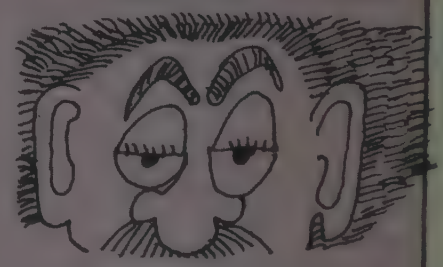
"Did my wife say anything when you called and said I would be working late at the office?" asked the executive, nuzzling his ravishing secretary.

"The only thing she said," answered the secretary, "was, 'Can I count on it?'"

You know what a bachelor is, don't you? He's a guy with a strong will, looking for a girl with a weak won't.

* * *

"Just look at me," declared the robust old-timer. "I don't smoke, drink or chase



women, and tomorrow I'll celebrate my eightieth birthday."

"You will?" asked a curious friend. "How?"

* * *

"I just can't find the cause for your illness," the internist said. "Frankly, I think it's due to drinking."

"In that case," replied his attractive patient, "I'll come back when you're sober."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

Chicken Hollandaise

Light and wholesome, a good substitute for a heavy meal. MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA helps you out on a jiffy meal in just four easy-to-follow steps.

2 cups rice, boiled with salt; 1 medium size chicken, boiled with salt and flaked; salt; pepper; ¼ tsp. nutmeg, grated; 1½ cups chicken stock; 1½ cups milk; 4 tbsps. butter; 3 tbsps. flour; ¼ cup celery, chopped; 2 tbsps. tomato sauce.

FOR THE GARNISH :

1 hard-boiled egg, sliced; 1 tomato, sliced; 1 capsicum, sliced; chopped parsley.

Clean and wash the rice. Cook in salted boiling water. Leave aside to cool. Similarly clean the chicken and boil with salt till tender. Allow to cool. Flake the chicken and use the left over stock for the preparation of sauce.

1. Blend the chicken stock and milk smoothly with flour. Melt butter in a pan. Saute the chopped celery and flaked chicken for 2-3 minutes. Blend well, cook and stir till thick. Add salt, pepper, nutmeg and tomato sauce. Remove from the fire.

2. In a serving dish, spread a layer of the cooked rice.

3. Pour the cooked sauce gently on top of the rice layer.

4. Decorate with sliced hard-boiled eggs, sliced tomato, capsicum and chopped parsley.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

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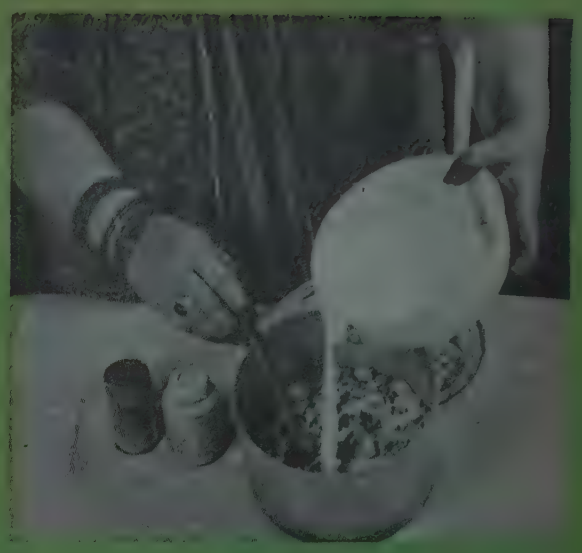

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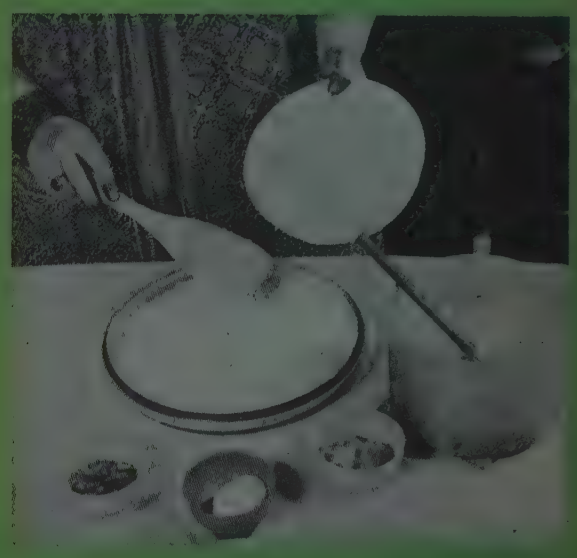

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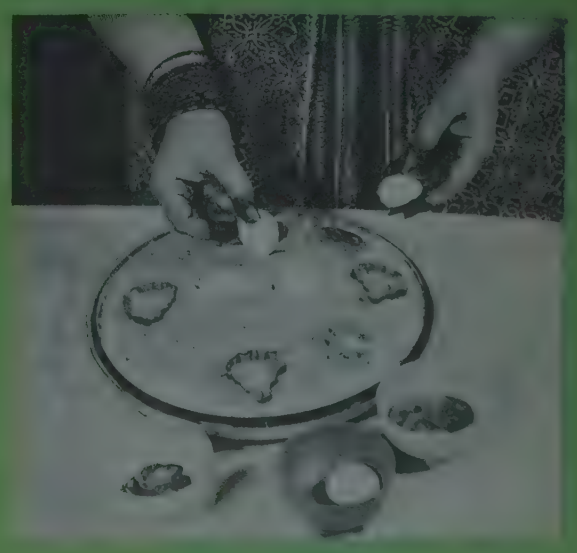

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PASSING THROUGH

LAURA CUSHING

$ 30,000 COVER-GIRL

We met her at the Maurya swimming pool. The beautiful model Laura Cushing from the beautiful land of Venezuela. One of the topmost and perhaps the highest-paid model in the world, Laura was on an assignment in India — 20 pages of modelling and the cover of the Italian **Vogue** for the Spring Fashions.

Surprisingly, one did not find in her any gimmickry that normally goes with showbiz people. She sounded soft, warm and sincere. There is a pleasant softness about her — the soft curve of her deep red lips, her creamy complexion, her smoke grey eyes with just a hint of mascara and the dress she wore of soft beige-brown and off-white silk. Her hair too was soft brown with a slight tinge of gold.

Laura's home is in Italy, but she travels a lot for her modelling assignments. Her last major assignment was the Revlon campaign which was worth millions of dollars. She loves working in New York though, as "it is the most professional city in the world. Everything goes on schedule there and people work sincerely and hard." She was enjoying her Delhi stay, "although I am working I find the atmosphere around me completely relaxed."

Laura loves being photographed outdoors. The well-known Italian fashion photographer Barbieri is her favourite, but she has no objections to working with other photographers if she likes their work. Laura doesn't tell her age, but she looks about eighteen. She has modelled some of the world's most glamorous dresses and the collections of the best fashion houses, but she also enjoys modelling teenage dresses. In fact, in Britain she mostly models shorts-blouses, with her hair tied in pig-tails. Laura feels that a woman's looks are what Nature bestows on her till 25, but after that she 'makes' her own looks. She can transform her whole face if she wants to with clever make-up and the correct clothes. Laura doesn't go for any fashion lines but wears what she thinks suits her. She uses very little make up. Her skin is blemish-free, almost transluscent. She likes wearing 'feminine' clothes and fabrics — chiffons and silks in soft lines.

The latest in women's fashion, she told us was tight skin-fitting skirts, and stilettos. "But I do not think these will last. How will a working girl run for the bus or train with an outfit like that?" The shades that are 'in' are peach, lilac, beige, faun and grey.

"Did you go to a modelling school?"

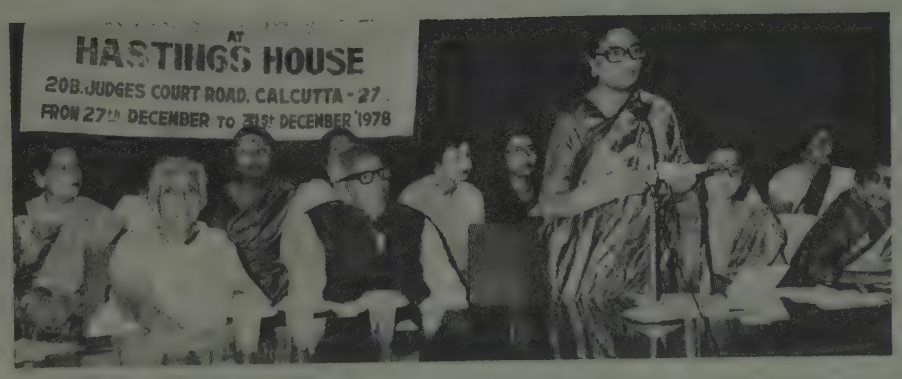
"No, I feel either you have a flair for modelling or you don't, and no amount of 'training' can help if you don't."

And a last 'wow' from Laura Cushing. She charges thirty thousand dollars for a Cover!

Pushpa Hans

(Laura Cushing models for the Eve's Weekly-Sophistication Fashion Feature appearing in this issue.)

AIWC DELIBERATIONS



Dr. Raghuramaiah, AIWC president, addressing the delegates. On her left is West Bengal Governor, Mr. T. N. Singh.

The annual session of the All-India Women's Conference was held in Calcutta recently to discuss, mainly, family planning, consumerism and child welfare. Delegates from the U.S.S.R., Bangladesh and France also attended.

The AIWC has 460 branches in the country and over 95,000 members. Most of the branches run mobile dispensaries, creches, conduct courses in tailoring, textile printing and shorthand and typing.

The session was inaugurated by the Governor of West Bengal, Mr. T. N. Singh.

Among the delegates were former French Resistance heroine Irane De Lipwouski, who, incidentally, is also President of the International Alliance of Women, Nuhul Nehar Chaudhary of Bangladesh and Vera Sakhanova of the U.S.S.R. In her presidential speech, Dr. Lakshmi Raghuramaiah said: "We cannot be silent spectators of international achievements. We have to participate in all international programmes and projects helping women to emancipate". She noted the growing concern of man over his environment and said the AIWC was also taking up ecological problems soon. She informed the delegates about the master plan of the AIWC which included a Rs. 2-crore project for an office building in Delhi. The building would include a library and an auditorium.

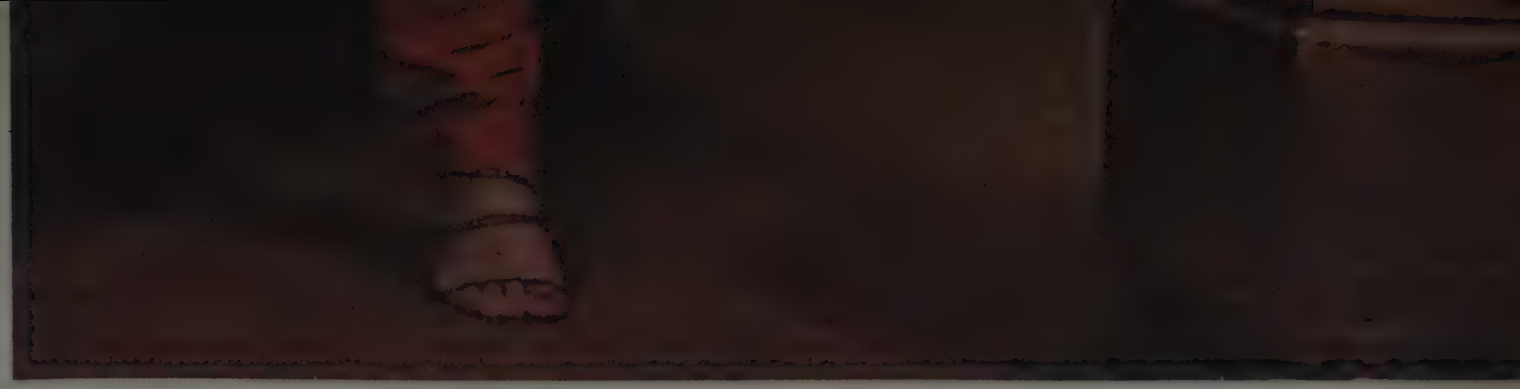
Three seminars were also held. The first was on 'The International Year of the Child'. It was convened by Prof. Nilima Acharya, Xavier Labour Relations Institute, Jamshedpur. The two main issues discussed were the inadequacy of the two present adoption laws and child labour. Among the recommendations made was one urging "a comprehensive amendment to the Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act to cover its lacunas".

The seminar on 'Consumerism' was sponsored jointly by the AIWC and the Consumer Action Forum. The chief guest, Miss Abha Maiti, Union Minister of State for Industries, urged widespread consumer education, especially consumers in the remote and rural areas.

The AIWC and the Department of Health & Family Welfare, West Bengal, jointly organized the third seminar on 'Family Welfare'.

The theme for the open session was an intriguing topic, "Are Decreasing Employment Opportunities for Women (with Non-discrimination of Women) a Conceptual Dilemma?" On the one hand, we have a large section of women crying out for suitable employment, and on the other, there are others who waste public money in providing themselves with academic degrees merely as a stepping stone to marriage. Keeping both these situations in mind, are employment opportunities really decreasing for women? Sushila Adivarkar, M.P., gave statistics to prove that opportunities for women were decreasing.

Meenakshi Dasgupta



FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the second of 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique SOPHISTICATION. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 30, 1978 and January 13, 1979.

A fantastic chance for you to win a fabulous range of outfits, specially designed and printed for mod teenagers, youngsters and children in heartwarming colours and designs. Just clip and keep the coupons published every month. A minimum of ten coupons, collected out of serial Nos. 1-12, will entitle you to participate in the lucky draw. DO NOT SEND INDIVIDUAL COUPONS

ANNOUNCEMENT

For the fashion-conscious in Bombay, Eve's Weekly and Sophistication Boutique will be having a grand fashion show at the Regal Room, Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, on March 2, 1979, followed by an exhibition-cum-sale by Sophistication boutique of their exclusive garments on March 5, 6, 7 and 8, at the Silver Arch, Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, Bombay.

2 Eve's Weekly / sophistication boutique

WIN-A-WARDROBE
COUPON

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1. **Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize Rs. 10,000; 2nd Prize Rs. 5000; 3rd Prize Rs. 3000; PLUS ten Consolation Prizes Rs. 200 each.**
2. **Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly, around March, 1980. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.**
3. **A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1—12 must be sent, in one lot, latest by January 25, 1980, after the publication of the 12th feature in December, to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.**

Photographs: Harbans Mody

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

THOUGHTS OF A DYING SCHOOLGIRL

Gitanjali, a 16-year-old talented girl, was condemned to a slow and painful end with cancer. She was not aware of the fatal nature of her disease. Yet she somehow knew that her end was near. She bore her suffering quietly and with courage, not wanting her parents to know her agony and pain. The thoughts expressed in these following poems were written by her in her sickbed before she breathed her last on 11 August, 1977.

MY DADDY

I'll let you into a secret
There's a kind soul I know
Who dwells in my heart
From the time unknown
It's from him that I gain
My strength, courage and hope
He keeps kindling my heart
With each cherished glance
It's fuel of his love that
Makes my heart glow

He sits up beside me
With my head craddled in his arms
He tells me lovely tales
And warms up my shattered heart
He takes my cares away
And soothes my aching heart

His heart bleeds within his soul
He tries his best to act
But he little knows about
His Bul-bul
That she chirps
Only
To make him feel swell.

MY MOTHER

She is like a pillar of strength
To all, each one and sundry
She radiates the warmth
Even when she passes by
She showers the
Blessing through her
Lullabye

The emotions overwhelm her
The tears flow silently
And yet the eyes smile
And blink a message
Of love and understanding

I hold my breath (in pain no doubt)
And look up in amazement
And try my utmost best
And slowly and silently I
Close my eyes; With Thine
Expression to cool my own

I once wondered how it
Thus could be
A frail soul could bear
The brunt of life smilingly
But it seeped through me
Like water through the plant
That no matter what may come
You've got to fight the weedlings
For the survival of your young

With sadness weighing heavily
In the precious eyes
That I adore
She creeps silently and softly
Into the little den
Which is my very own

She looks down upon me
With love brimming in her eyes
And reaches out to ease me
When fever's burning me inside

Her eyes
Mirror the reflection of love
The sadness of her withered heart
The pain of the gone-by years

And in those eyes
I seek and find
The friendly glow of confidence
That pulls me up
When all else fails
Including the hand of God

The strong wind blew
The clouds clapped their hands
I shuddered and clung to my
Faith in that hand

MY PETS

Micky, Judy and I
We've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather
Such joyful memories I have of our plays
Inside, today my heart weeps away

But I keep mum
For fear of hurting
Those who love me and feel with-me-one

Micky and Judy
Whine and howl
And wonder why
I am so indifferent and quiet

They little thought it thus could be
Their friend so full of fun and games
Is silently slipping away

If only they knew and understood my plight
They would weep their heart out day and night
They wag their tails
They lick my hand
And try their best
To cheer me if they can

OH DEATH TREAD SOFTLY

Oh death
I have such
Mixed feelings
For you
Sometimes
I dread you
Sometimes
I await thee
I know not
When
Thou shall embrace me

Oh, death
I do have a favour to ask thee
When thou comest
Oh, please dear death
Do come but

Unannounced
For there are crushed hearts
Within these walls
Hearts that love, adore and care
Hearts that bleed
Inwardly
And show not a care
But they do care
For the one
Whom you await to claim
Let them be asleep
Or take me in my slumber
For partings are so painful
Especially for those
Who reared me...
From a seedling to a flower

O death
tread softly
For I fear for those
Who fear for me
Do not be very harsh
Spare me, oh please spare me
Little suffering
Spare me a little pain
And please spare me just a...
Few tears
To shed them in the presence of God
To show HIM my gratitude
For after all isn't HE
Sparing me
From this cruel, cruel world
Where there are some people
Who don't even have a heart.

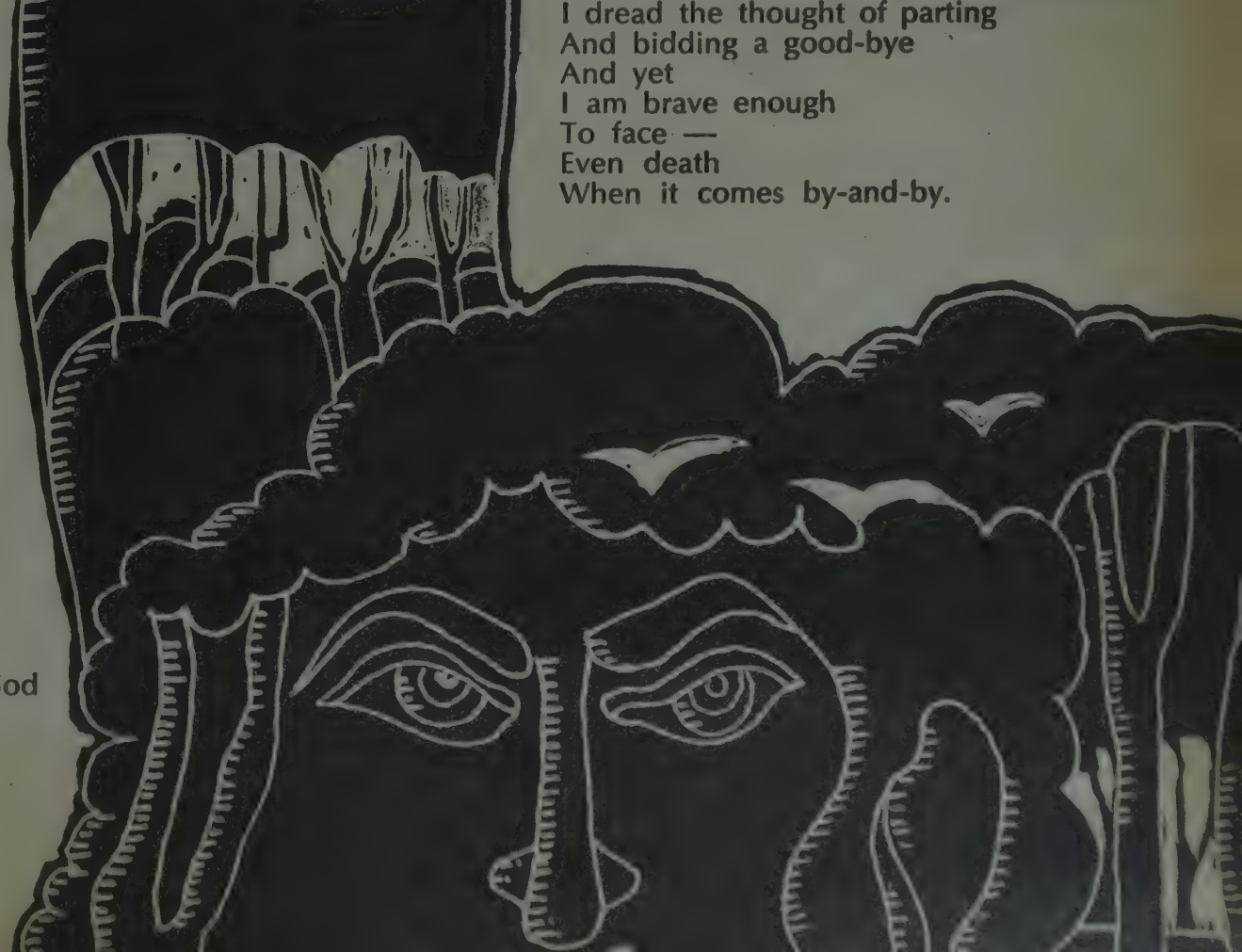
MY PRAYER

I often pray fervently
To Almighty God
Whispering and sending my prayers above
In vain I beg, in vain I implore
Oh! God please make me well soon
And let me go back to school
I miss my friends and all the fun

I shall wait and see
But will beg no more
Neither for my sake nor
For my mothers
If that's how you wish
If that's how you want
"THY WILL BE DONE".

Lucky are those
Who go to slumber
I lie awake — in the dark and stumble...
Over the bitter sweet memories
Of my childhood...

Sometimes I am at a loss
To think about life and the life here after
I dread the thought of parting
And bidding a good-bye
And yet
I am brave enough
To face —
Even death
When it comes by-and-by.



Lakmé creates The Shades of '79

Smokey Browns

Lakmé Lipsticks and Nail Enamel

BRONZE
TOFFEE
CHOCOLATE CHIP
HONEY BEAR
CREAM COCOA
DESERT SAND
DESERT PEARL

Lakmé, the fashion leaders of new trends, create smoke signals on the fashion horizon.

Lakmé gives you the shades of '79—Smokey Browns. The elegant, the alive, the 'with-it' people will wear them.

Come, join the trend-setters. Wear Lakmé.

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the plus point of PULSES

Farokh Reporter

Pulses or legumes have been cultivated from early times and most of them have their origin in India, Middle East and South-East Asia. For example, the Bengal gram which is the most important crop of India is considered to have originated in the tracts, lying between the Caucasus mountains and the Himalayas, from where it spread to India, Southern Europe, Iran and Egypt.
Similarly urad had its origin in India and arhar and peas are believed to have originated in the Middle East, South-East Asia and India. Cowpea, popularly known as chowli or lobia, originated in India and Africa.

Pulses contribute proteins to the diet. They are rich in iron, thiamine, nicotinic acid, riboflavin, calcium and ninacin. The percentages of these vary in each variety of pulses.
Cooking sprouted or germinated pulses has greater advantages than dry pulses. It is easier to cook, easily digestible and contains a small percentage of vitamin C, which is otherwise not present in dry pulses. Wet-ground and fermented dals are used in the preparation of idlis, dosas. In short, pulses are of good supplementary value to cereal diets.

MIXED URAD AND CHANNA DAL

½ cup channa and urad dal in equal proportions
¼ tsp. chilli powder
1 onion, chopped
1 tbsp. oil
¼ tsp. garam masala
A pinch of turmeric
A small piece of ginger
Salt to taste
Water as required

Clean and wash the two dals and cook in water with salt, chilli powder, turmeric and half

tablespoon of oil, till very soft and semi-solid, taking care to see that the grains do not separate. Fry the chopped onion and garlic in half tablespoon of oil. Add to hot cooked dal. Sprinkle with garam masala.

DAHI VADAS

1 cup urad dal
½ litre curd
1 green chilli
1 inch piece ginger
1 tsp. coriander seeds
2 tsps. cummin seeds
½ tsp. pepper corns
¼ tsp. black salt
1 tsp. coriander leaves, chopped
½ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Soak the dal overnight. Grind to a fine paste. Add the chopped ginger, green chilli, salt, whole coriander seeds, half teaspoon of coriander leaves. Mix well. Add water if necessary. Batter should not be very thick.

Heat oil. Drop the vadas by a tablespoon. Fry till golden brown. Immediately remove into salted water. Soak for 10 minutes. Roast the cummin seeds and grind along with pepper corns. Mix together the ground cummin, peppercorns, red chilli powder and powdered black salt. Squeeze out water from the vadas and put them into the beaten curd. Arrange dahi-vadas in a big bowl. Sprinkle the remaining masala and garnish it with chopped coriander leaves.

GHAVAN

100 grams Bengal gram
100 grams green gram
100 grams black gram
3 green chillis
¼ bunch coriander leaves
1" piece ginger
1 big onion, chopped
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Pick and soak all the pulses together for 5-6 hours. Grind to a fine paste. Add salt, chillis, turmeric powder, chopped onion, ginger and coriander leaves. Make it into a batter consistency. Heat an iron griddle, smear with half teaspoon of oil. Pour two tablespoons of the above batter and spread. Pour oil from the sides. Fry on both the sides till light brown. Serve hot.

SPROUTED GREEN GRAM SALAD

100 grams sprouted gram
100 grams tomatoes
2 green chillis
1 tsp. coriander leaves
1 cup curd
2 small onions
Salt to taste

Cook the sprouted green gram in half cup water, with a little salt. Drain and cool. Mix the chopped tomatoes, onions, coriander leaves and green chillis. Beat curd and mix all the ingredients alongwith the sprouted grams. Serve cold as a salad.

BENGALI KHICHADI

1 cup rice
1 cup masoor dal or moong dal
1 onion
2-3 cloves garlic
1 inch piece ginger
8 small onions, chopped
8 small potatoes
10-12 french beans
½ cup peas, shelled
2-3 green chillis
1½ tsps. turmeric powder
4 cloves
2 bay leaves
1" piece cinnamon
3-4 cardamoms
Salt to taste
3 tbsps. ghee

Grind garlic and ginger to a fine paste and keep aside. Pick and wash the dal and rice. If you are using moong dal, you will have to roast the dal on tava and then wash it after it has cooled. Heat one tablespoon of ghee, fry the chopped onion and crushed cloves, cinnamon, cardamoms and bay leaves. Add rice, dal, vegetables, chopped green chilli, turmeric powder, salt, garlic and ginger paste. Pour eight cups of water. Cook till rice and dal are soft. Remove from fire and pour ghee.

AMTI

1 cup tur dal
2 small onions
1 tsp. mustard seeds
1 tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
2 green chillis
Lime size ball of tamarind
Small piece of jaggery
1 tsp. garam masala
2 inch piece coconut
Salt to taste

Slit the chillis lengthwise and chop the onions. Pressure cook the tur dal with 3-4 cups of water for ten minutes. Let the pressure drop by itself. Heat oil and add mustard seeds. When they begin to splutter, add the slit green chillis and chopped onions. When the onion is light brown, add turmeric, chilli, garam masala and the cooked dal. Bring to a boil, add tamarind juice, jaggery, salt and grated coconut. Remove from fire after five minutes.

DAL PHULKA

1 cup wheat flour
½ cup moong dal
½ tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. mango powder (amchur)
1 onion
1 green chilli
1 tsp. coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Wash and soak the dal for 15 minutes. Add turmeric powder and salt and cook on low fire till water evaporates and the dal is cooked. Add the chopped onions, coriander leaves, green chilli and chilli powder, mango powder and cummin seeds. Mix and keep aside. Make a dough from wheat flour. Divide into equal portions and form into balls. Press in the centre, add one tablespoon of dal mixture. Cover and roll into a chappati. Bake on a hot tava. Turn when one side is light brown. Smear with one teaspoon of oil and fry like a paratha.

KHAMAN DHOKLA

200 grams Bengal gram
1 tsp. black gram
1 cup butter milk
1 inch piece ginger, chopped
2 green chillis
1 tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. asafoetida
½ tsp. mustard seeds
2-3 inch piece coconut
1 tsp. coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
2 tbsps. oil

Soak the Bengal and black grams for 6 hours. Grind to a fine paste and add chopped ginger, green chillis, salt, turmeric, asafoetida, sugar and baking powder. Add butter milk. Heat little oil and pour into the mixture. Mix well. Allow it to ferment for over 12 to 16 hours.

Pour the above fermented mixture in a greased pan. Steam for 20 minutes. Cool. Cut into small pieces. Heat a tablespoon of oil and splutter the mustard seeds. Add the dhokla pieces and fry for two-three minutes. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves and grated coconut.

Duru Jagtiani

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50 cash prize,

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh Container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn flour, 3) A 1000 ml pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED and 4) A book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Padma Aiyappa,
New Delhi.

PURDHA BIRYANI

½ kg beaten rice
500 grams kheema
200 grams peas
20 grams cashewnuts, chopped
20 grams raisins
A few curry leaves
1 lime (medium size)
200 grams refined oil
Salt to taste
2 cups water

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

5 medium size onions
6 tomatoes
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. coriander powder
15 peppercorns
6 green chillis
5 cloves
4 green cardamoms
2" piece ginger
2 sticks cinnamon
1 bunch coriander leaves
½ bunch mint leaves
10 cloves garlic
1 tsp. poppy seeds
¼ fresh coconut

FOR THE CRUST:

1 cup flour
1 egg white
Salt to taste
¼ tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. refined oil

Cook the kheema with little salt and one cup water. When parboiled, add peas and the ground masala paste and remaining one cup water. Cook till tender. Put oil in a vessel, add curry leaves, cashewnuts and raisins. Add the beaten rice and fry for three minutes. Now add the cooked kheema. Cook on slow fire for three minutes with addition of lime juice.

FOR THE CRUST:

Mix the flour, egg white, salt and baking powder. Knead to a rough dough by sprinkling 1 tsp. oil. Keep the dough covered for 1 hour. Take a steel vessel and invert it (upside down). Cover this vessel with the rolled thin sheet of the dough and shape well. Bake in the oven for 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, take the crust slowly out from the vessel.

In the same vessel put the hot cooked biryani and remould it onto the serving dish. Cover the biryani mould with the crust. Decorate with tomato flowers, carrot curls, onion rings and tomato and cucumber flowers.

Mrs. Suresh Malhotra, Sonepat.

SHAHI MUKAND KALEJI

½ kg fresh liver (kaleji)
2 or 3 boiled eggs
One cup curd
50 grams fat
Salt to taste

FOR THE TANDOORI MASALA:

Grind together:
25 grams chillis
10 grams ginger
15 grams garlic
5 to 6 onions

FOR THE MUKAND WARREES:

1½ kg flour
Salt to taste

GRIND SEPARATELY:

5 grams green papaya
1 cup curd
5 grams hot red chilli powder
10 grams Kashmiri chilli powder
3 grams orange colour
Garam masala

TO PREPARE THE MUKAND WARREES:

Sieve flour and salt. Add water and mix into a smooth dough. Leave aside for two or three hours. Once again mix with water and rub in with fingertips till lumps are formed. Keep the lumps aside. Throw away the extra water. Boil these lumps in water and fry in ghee.

Clean and cut the liver into pieces. Fry the ground masala till brown. Add liver tandoori masala and Mukand warrees. Cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Decorate with chopped tomatoes, green chillis, and boiled egg slices.

WEEKLY WINNER

ANFILA GONSALVES, Bombay.

Mrs Gonsalves wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 100 ml. Oil tin KMP Oil Industries and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

STUFFED LADY FINGERS

16 large sized tender lady fingers
4 fillets of goal fish (mashed)
1 large onion, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped
1 large tomato, chopped
A few mint leaves, chopped
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. cummin and coriander powder
½ tsp. garam masala powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. garlic ginger paste
2 eggs
½ cup gram flour
A pinch of sugar
Salt to taste
Refined oil for frying

Wash and dry the lady fingers. Chop off the heads and make a deep lengthwise slit on one side of each lady fingers. Apply ½ tsp. chilli powder and salt to taste and leave them aside.

For the filling: Heat oil and fry the chopped onion and chillis together with the garlic and ginger paste. Add a pinch of sugar and when the onions turn brown, put in the turmeric, cummin and coriander, garam masala and chilli powder. Fry for a minute. Next, put in the mashed fish and chopped tomatoes and fry for three minutes. Lastly put in the chopped mint leaves and remove from the fire and cool. Fill up the lady fingers with this filling.

For the batter: Beat the eggs together with ½ cup gram flour, and ¼ tsp. salt. Whip it thoroughly. Dip the lady fingers one by one into the batter and deep fry. Serve hot and crisp.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

FEROZE
The Terrible Khan

Vijaya Irani

The difference between the image and the reality that is Feroze Khan confuses me each time I meet him. I read on and off about what he has done, invariably about his behaviour at some party, which makes him out to be a real terror. Then come memories of the cosy evenings I have spent with him and his wife Sundri....Either I have been fortunate and never seen the ugly side of this man, or what is said about him is wrong.

He walks into the hall where I wait, looking trimmer than I have seen him for some time now, and asks if we might go into his "little nest". As we walk down I say that with the reputation he has "den" would be a more appropriate word than "nest".

As he gets behind the bar-counter he tells me that he hasn't been meeting the press for some time now, that he is playing it rather low-key. He is fully taken up with his project, **Qurbani.**

PUBLICITY SHY

"I have always been a bit publicity shy, says Feroze. "I prefer to keep to my work, my hobbies and keep away from politics of any kind. I think that is the best way to live. You couldn't have been reading much about me this past year or so. I have consciously kept away."

Is his work keeping him so busy that he can't find time for the niceties of his profession?

"On the contrary, I have few films on hand. I have about three 'outside' films in addition to my **Qurbani.** And I am going to cut down on outside films even further.

Three is a small number, I point out. Why did he want to cut down further? It isn't as if he were not getting any films.

"If I had just one outside film and could get all the time to do my own film, I'd say that would be an ideal working arrangement. Even earlier I have never weighed myself down with more than four-five films, and I wouldn't be working on all those together. I cannot be pushed around into a hectic multiple-shift schedule. I just don't function that way at all. Oh, I get films all right. But my attraction to this business is the making of films, the creative side of it. I enjoy the idea-conception, the writing of the theme and then, of course, the direction."

What are the rewards of such an arrangement, financial or otherwise?

BIG PROJECTS

"The bigger and the better reward is the satisfaction I get out of evolving a motion-picture from the theme to the finished product. I enjoyed every bit of the making of my **Apradh** and **Dharmatma.** As for the financial aspect, my distributors have confidence in me, I am happy to say. I don't have to go around arranging for finance and the other hassles."

Though one always hears adverse reports about the business his films have made, he says his **Dharmatma** made it. He had very good runs whenever and wherever released.

Feroze Khan's projects are always expensive — big cast, foreign locations.

"I admit I have Western influence on my films. That is because from childhood I have seen Western films and liked them and learnt from them. But this is not the reason why I shot abroad for **Apradh** and **Dharmatma,** and now for **Qurbani.** I needed to go abroad because the themes called for such shooting."

LOVES TO TRAVEL

Why did you shelve **Kasak,** which you had announced immediately after **Dharmatma,** I asked him.

"I had done some shooting on **Kasak,** which had Zeenat Aman as the heroine. She is now in **Qurbani.** I have not shelved the film; let's say I have postponed it. I never veer away from one project normally, but I felt the time was not right for bringing on **Kasak.** Sundri too had advised me to finish the project and then go on to **Qurbani."**

"Qurbani is an action-theme, while **Kasak** merely had emotion. I have some fine music for the film."

Music is Feroze's favourite hobby. What else is he interested in?

"Oh, I write, play bridge, and I love to travel."

Photograph: Girish Shukla

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

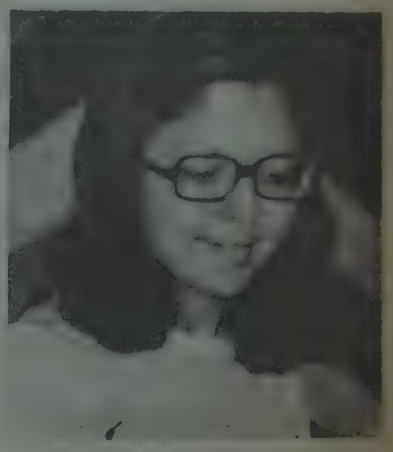
A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

DESSY—78

A youth stamp show where the young displayed their collections and were given professional guidance in philately.

Roma Bhagat

Shalini Gupta



Usha Thirthani

With a view to imparting professional guidance, encouraging research and widening the horizon of the young stamp collectors of Delhi, a youth stamp show titled **Dessy-78** was put up at the Modern School, on December 23, 24, and 25 last.

A special exhibition cover on the theme of migratory birds which visit Delhi in winter was specially produced for sale during the exhibition. Three pictorial cancellations were also given by the P & T.

Eighteen-year-old Roma Bhagat won the Philatelic Congress of India's award for the best exhibit. She was also awarded one silver and one silver-bronze. A political science student of Miranda House, Roma has been a collector since she was ten. She exhibited Air Force Mail up to 1947 and the post-Independence post-cards of India.

Roma considers a "freak post-card" issued on 15 May, 1968, among her prized possessions. It is a 10-paisa post-card, wrongly printed with an impression of address lines on both sides. One of her 5 naya paise post-cards is precious, for these were withdrawn soon after they were issued. Reason — the inscription was in English only.

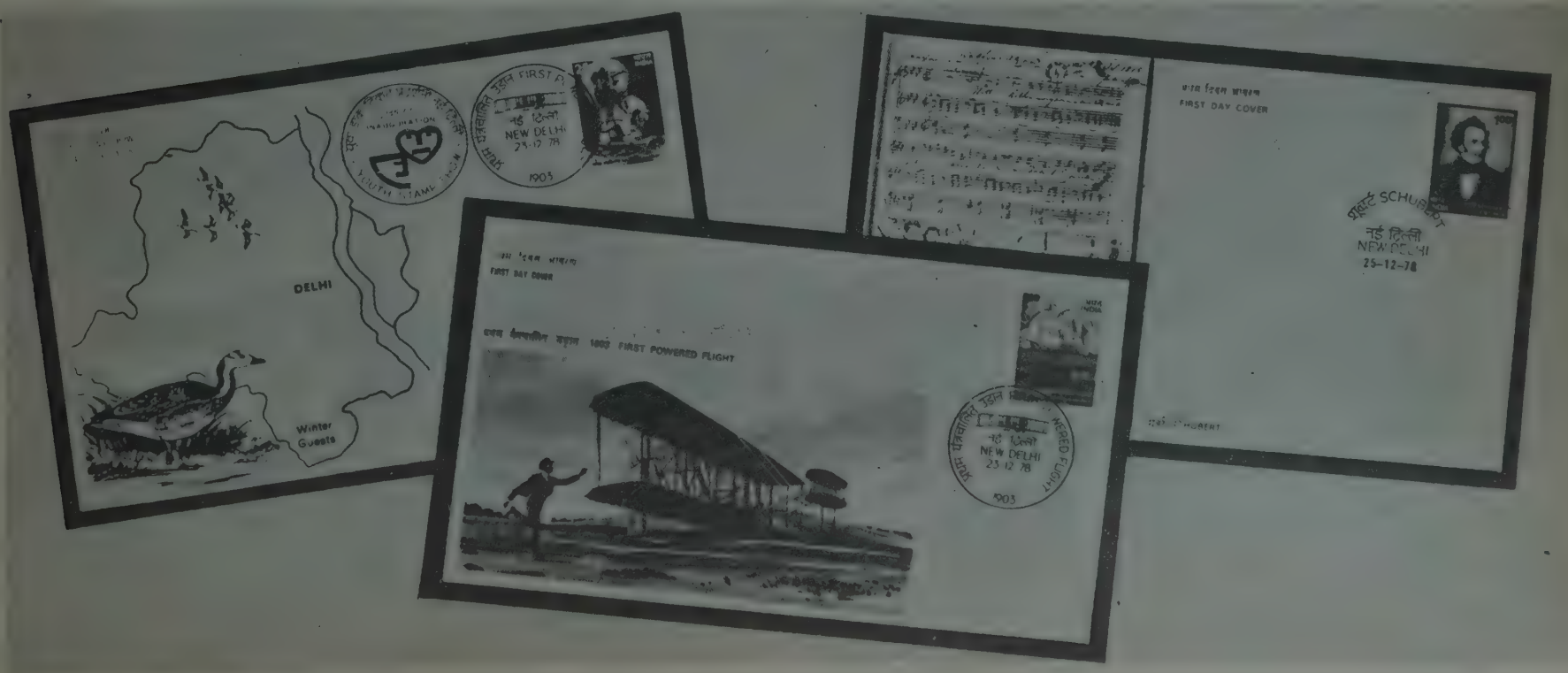
Ten-year-old Shalini Gupta loves cats and possessed one till it died. In an attempt to console her, her father brought some stamps with cats on them. Today Shalini has an entire collection of stamps on cats. Her exhibit (which includes the tiger, caracals, mongoose, lions, leopards and domestic cats) won a bronze. The special feature of her exhibit was the proverbs, sayings and quotations related to these animals which she had written down beside the philatelic information about her stamps.

Usha Thirthani, who won the silver-bronze, exhibited three frames of horses on stamps. They included King Leopold I entering Brussels, Shivaji, King George V, St. George of Leukas, Queen Amina of Zaria and King Mahendra, all on horse-back. There were eighty-nine competitors and it was generally agreed that the standard of the exhibition was high.

As a prelude to Dessy, Delhi's primary stamp club, We Philatelists, held **Philvac-78** (Philatelic Vacation 1978), in the last week of October to help the new collectors preparing to exhibit in Dessy. In a three-day course 16 youngsters were given training in the anatomy of a stamp, philatelists' language, tools, literature and societies.

The World Body of Philately (F.I.P.) has constituted a youth commission to regulate and promote the hobby of philately.

Saroj Vasisth



I woke up from my fitful sleep, earlier than usual, this morning. I came out into my balcony and watched the false dawn dispelling the darkness. But the serenity failed to quell the turmoil in my mind. The morning is like all others. I suddenly become aware that the mating season is here and sparrows in pairs cavort around outside my balcony. How I wish I could be like them! But there is only the loneliness for me. . .

Nothing ever seems to change in my little world. The mornings find the old Mehta's across the road sunning on their lawn. Mr. Mehta reads his **Time** magazine while Mrs. Mehta's knitting needles go clickety-clack. The children on my neighbour's roof fly their kites and the Delhi buses ply on the road below, polluting the air with their exhaust fumes. The newly wed couple staying on the ground floor go for walks, hand in hand, and a pain gnaws at my heart... If only I could. . .

I look across at the Mehtas' bungalow. The Mehtas have come out on their lawn. Mr. Mehta is without his **Time** magazine today and Mrs. Mehta has discarded her knitting. She is bustling with activity as the servant brings out the matresses to air them under her watchful eye. I spot new drapes in their spare room. The brass lamps have been burnished anew and the house wears a bright sparkle.

And I am reminded of a similar day one year ago.

I was sitting in my balcony that evening reading a book when I noticed a taxi stop at Mr. Mehta's gate. Mr. Mehta emerged accompanied by a pretty young girl.

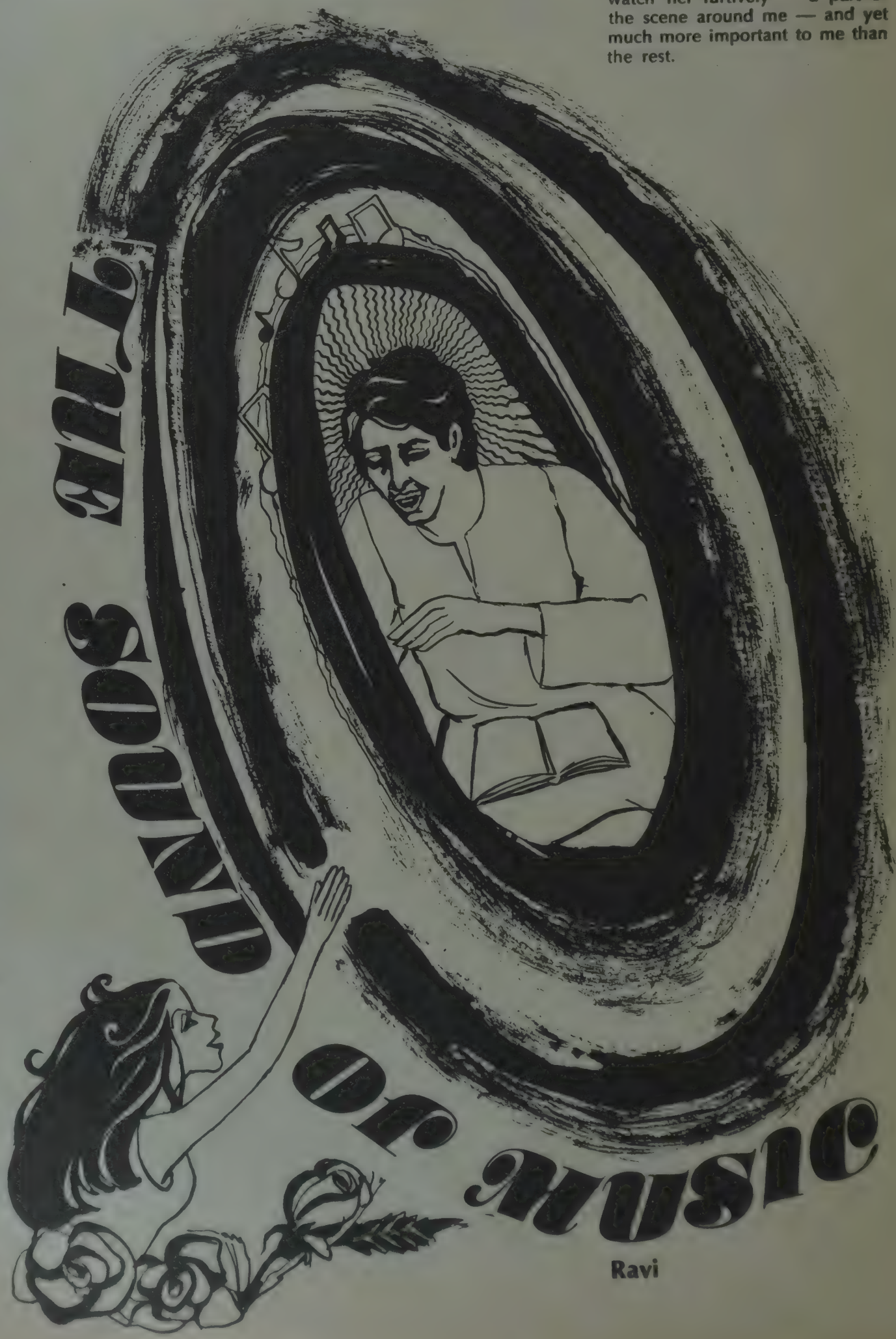
She was dressed in a yellow saree and had Mrs. Mehta's aqualine nose. Mrs. Mehta rushed out and embraced her. Perhaps she was their daughter. The Mehtas took her inside and she disappeared from view. I got back to my book but I found my attention drifting back to the girl in the house across the road.

Next morning I saw her again. She was tending the roses in the garden. I watched her move about gracefully — a rose amongst roses. It was with an effort that I pulled myself away from the balcony and set about my morning chores.

That evening, when I returned from the office and came out on my balcony I found my eyes wandering towards Mr. Mehta's house. It was as if they were seeking her. But she was nowhere in sight. I drew a chair and sat down with a book but my eyes went over the print without taking in the text. I kept looking for her but she did not appear anywhere.

I saw her often during the next few days. I took to watching her as she moved about in her garden or on the terrace. I often told myself that I was being foolish. How could I ever... but I kept going out on to my balcony on some pretext or the other and looked forward to catching a glimpse of her. I noticed she was an early riser and came out into the garden and pottered about the flower beds, pulling a weed here or removing a dead flower there. In the evenings, she was invariably on the terrace watching the sunset.

The routine was established in a few days. And she fitted into my little, unchanging world. I would sit on my balcony and watch her furtively — a part of the scene around me — and yet much more important to me than the rest.



Ravi

And then one day the routine was broken. In the morning, she did not appear in her garden. Had she overslept? It was most unlike her. My eyes searched in vain for her. The Mehtas also failed to come out on the lawn. I wondered what was wrong. Perhaps I would see her in the evening. Throughout the day, I kept thinking about her. Why had I not seen her in the morning? In the evening, she was not on the terrace. Perhaps she was sick. I wanted to go and inquire about her, but the twenty feet of black tarmac between my house and hers seemed like an insurmountable barrier. How could I ever cross it. . .

Two days later, she was back in her garden. I was overjoyed. My anxiety was over. How I longed to go and talk to her! Would I ever muster up enough courage? It was my lot to suffer in silence.

One evening, the Mehtas organized a party on their terrace. There were a number of young girls and boys. I spotted her standing amid a group of ladies with her mother. But she appeared out of place. She had a vacant, faraway look and I noticed that she never spoke to anyone. She was radiant in a peach dress and my eyes were rooted on her. Soon I saw her drifting away from the group into a corner. Strange it seemed, but she failed to draw the attention of any of the young men present despite her charm, and settled down alone in a chair.

Someone put on the music and the boys and girls began to dance. Yet she sat there — alone and ignored. I could sense her loneliness, for who could know loneliness better than me? My heart reached out to her and I yearned to talk to her and share my feelings with her. But perhaps she was ignorant even of my existence. The evening went by swiftly. It was as though she was ostracized by the group. Except for Mrs. Mehta's occasional attentions, no one even spoke to her. I wondered why, especially when she was so pretty. And why was I so keen to see her? I tried to stop myself but I was helpless against some stronger force.

Gradually, I found myself developing a strong, protective feeling towards her. It was as though she were mine. And yet I did not even know her name. But in my loneliness her presence was like an oasis to a weary desert traveller.

And then one day, I was caught. I was watching her on the terrace in the evening when suddenly she turned and found me staring at her. I turned away in embarrassment. When I looked back, she was still there. A smile lit up her face and her soft eyes brightened. I smiled back at her. At least she was aware of my presence now. We sat watching each other for some time. Then she rose to go. She lifted her hand in a sort of farewell gesture and disappeared down the steps. My joy knew no bounds.

The next few days were indeed happy ones for me. She would notice me in my balcony and smile at me. We often waved to each other but the barrier of the road made further communication impossible.

Nothing seemed to change in his solitary existence. And then came the girl to live in the house across the road. He watched her every movement, morning and evening.

At last I could control myself no longer. I wrote her a note and put it in a book. A couple of toffees induced a young child playing on the road to take it to her. After some time, my emissary returned with a blue envelope. With fumbling fingers, I tore it open and drew out the note.

"Thank you for your kind note . . .Aarti."

And that is how I came to know her name.

A small pile of blue envelopes began building up in my drawer. She was studying in Bombay, where she lived with her aunt. She was in Delhi spending her vacation with her parents and was due to return in another month. I learnt that she was Mr. Mehta's only daughter and they were very fond of her. She loved to read. She was also interested in music and gardening. I told her where I worked and how lonely I was in Delhi. I often asked her to meet me. But she kept putting me off on some pretext or the other. Perhaps, this was for the better as far as I was concerned. Why not let this newfound happiness which had come into my world last while it could? I often wondered if I should tell her. The days flew by. Soon the month was over.

"I am leaving for Bombay tomorrow. Promise you will write to me. . ."

My world received a jolt. Next day, I was there at the station. The Mehtas were there to see their daughter off. I stood aside a little distance away. She saw me and looked away. Perhaps she was also feeling the pangs of parting as I was. The signal turned green and the train pulled out carrying Aarti — my Aarti — away with it. I walked back slowly to my office.

When I came home from office that evening, everything seemed to have changed. The drapes in the Mehtas' spare room were gone and the sunset seemed to lack lustre as though it knew its appreciative audience in Aarti was missing. I wrote to her the same day, telling her how much I loved her and how I would wait for her return.

The next week was an agony for me. I rushed home every evening and hopefully opened my letter box, only to find it empty. Perhaps, she will never write, I thought. But the week ended with the arrival of her letter. I was thrilled to hear from her. I read and re-read it till I had committed it to memory and till her next letter arrived.

The pile of letters in my drawer swelled in size. The receipt of Aarti's letter every alternate day also fitted into my routine. The days flew by. The passage of time blunted the keen edge of our romance. But still it was something to look forward to. I knew, somewhere in Bombay, was a girl named Aarti who cared for me and for whom I cared. And that was all that mattered. I was lonely as ever but the comforting thoughts of Aarti dispelled some of the gloom. Perhaps, I should have written to her. . . but I wanted to desperately cling to my newfound joy.

And then one day. . .

"I will be coming home next month. . ."

I began counting the days. I would certainly meet her at the station. I was sure she would not mind. This summer I would take her around Delhi and together we would visit all the places of interest. We would go for picnics — just the two of us . . . my imagination ran wild, making grandiose plans for her arrival.

But since yesterday things have changed again. Her letter is lying on my table and her small neat handwriting confronts me.

"I must confess I have been selfish. I should have told you earlier but I did not want to shatter our dream world which gave us joy while it lasted. Let us leave it at that. Our further friendship would perhaps serve no purpose for a young eligible bachelor like you. I was operated upon for cancer of the throat three years ago, and I have lost my voice. I cannot talk. All I produce are harsh guttural sounds. Forgive me, if you can. . .

But I know her loss of voice will make no difference to me for I can hear only the sound of music. As I watch Mrs. Mehta making preparations for her home-coming, I wonder if I should write to her and tell her of that fateful Diwali night ten years ago, when a loud cracker burst in my face and left me deaf to all sounds except the eternal sound of music.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST 16

1. Jean Henri Dunnant and Frederic Paissy (also spelt Passy).

2. All four.

3. Masochism, after Von Sacher-Masoch.

4. Drs. Girija Khanna and Mariamma Varghese.

5. Electro-encephalograph.

6. Steppes.

7. Kanwal Thakur Singh.

8. Amir Khusro.

9. 11.

10. Thailand.

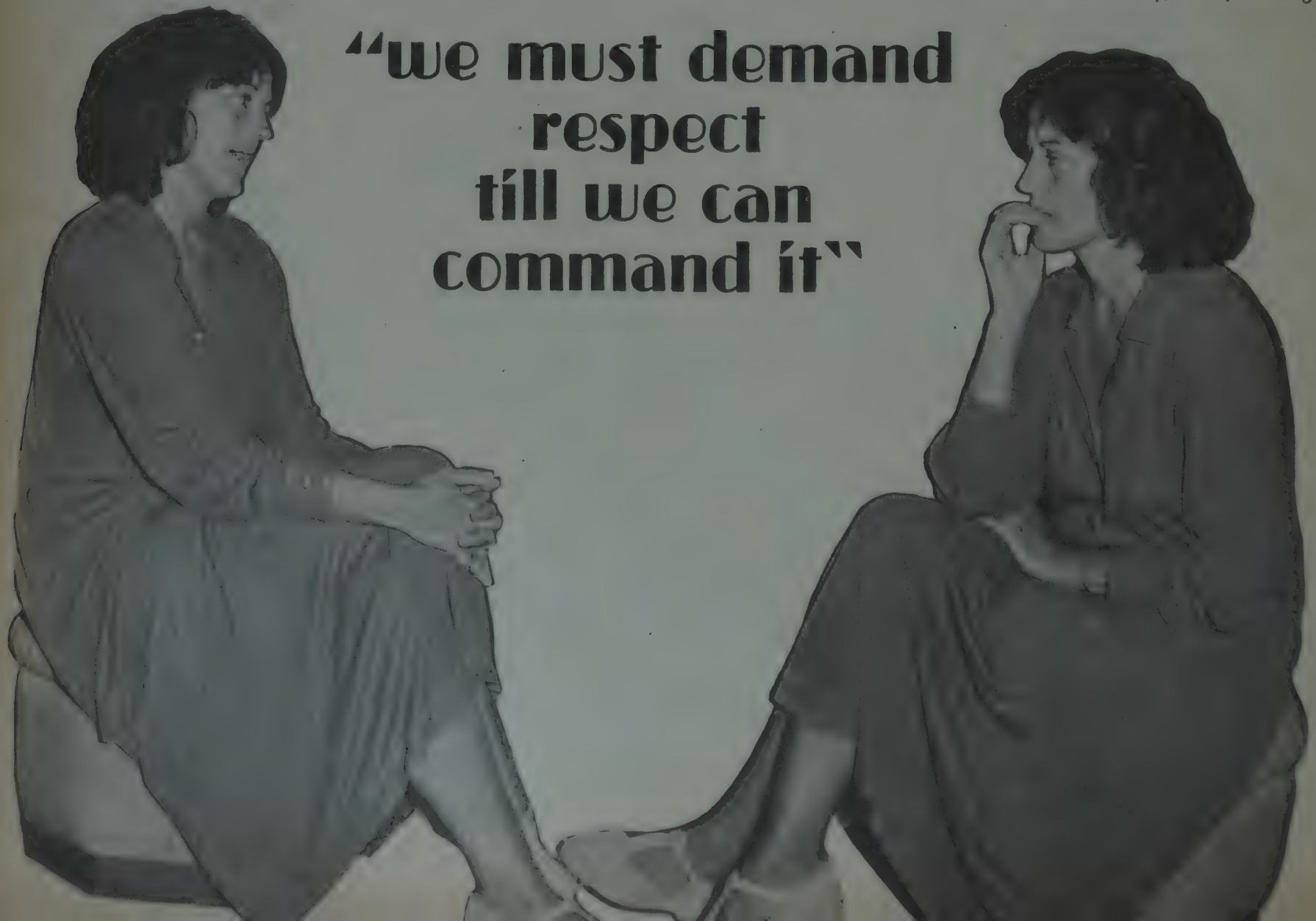
11. 1967.

12. Poet Robert Frost. A favourite with President Kennedy, his poem was read out at Mr. Kennedy's inauguration. Mr. Nehru's connection is well known.

Mr. Krishna Kumar Menon of Bombay, who submitted the first all-correct solution, wins the first prize of Rs. 50.

GERMAINE GREER:

"we must demand respect till we can command it"



F. Jessawalla

She is not pretty in any conventional sense. Yet something about her demands attention even before you know who she is. Perhaps it's in her stride; perhaps, it's the self-confidence of the rebel; perhaps it's the dignity stemming from success.

Germaine Greer, author of **The Female Eunuch** that caused a sensation in feminist and literary circles not quite a decade ago, is in Bombay recently on a stopover between Sydney and London to collect data for her next book, **The Politics of Human Fertility.** And she is avoiding the press and publicity.

But not for long. She is spotted by a student, cajoled into giving a lecture and soon presswomen are swarming around her, depriving her of the pleasures of strolling the city, absorbing its hybrid atmosphere, smelling its pungent smells, getting its dust into her hair and into the pores of her skin. She faces an informal audience of fifty, all the time conscious of fifty pairs of eyes focussed on her, on her bra-less swinging breasts and she meets their look levelly, eye to eye.

She speaks at length of the growth of feminism in the West. She describes the women's movement as an outgrowth of women's awareness of themselves and their potential as human beings. It would be over-simplistic to say that feminism is merely a fight for equal pay, or equal opportunity, or even the right to have a career. Actually, it has no such tangible goals. Rather, it is womankind's struggle for selfhood, for an identity as complete human beings instead of the half-person/half shadow existence that has been their lot through the centuries.

Most of the present generation of women libbers are descendents of the suffragettes — women who fought bitterly in the early part of the century to secure for themselves the right to vote. They also belong to a generation that was born just before the second world war and consequently spent much of their childhood without a father-figure, which, if the psychologists are to be believed, is sufficient to leave a life-long impact on the developing psyche. They have grown up independent, conscious of their rights and unwilling to settle for compromises.

"Too many people connive at their own oppression, and frankly, I have no time for them," retorts Ms Greer, shrugging her shoulders with disdain. "There's the woman who claims 'well, I have a loving husband and three beautiful children, what do I need to be liberated from?'. This argument is as absurd as saying that if a slave has a good master he should remain a slave all his life. I find this type of woman a damn bore because she just refuses to look beyond her nose. What's going to happen ten, fifteen years later? when her husband has his teeth set into a career? when her children have grown up and left home?

"A housewife is exactly what the word implies — a woman married to a house," quips Ms Greer, warming up to the tittering chortles from the predominantly female audience. "And she has to marry the house to somebody else before she can go out to work. In villages housework is simplified since there's work to be done in the fields. But the urban housewife makes a religion of housework. It almost appears to give her some vicarious pleasure. These women make a prison of their home instead of using it as a base from which to see the world."

"The working woman has two employers — her boss at the office and her husband at home. And the worst part is that at home she is the unpaid labourer." And just as one is beginning to wonder whether she is more wit than wisdom, she settles into a sombre mood as she discusses the problems confronting women in India.

She believes that it would be utterly disastrous for Indian women to accept the Western brand of feminism unquestioningly. The materialism and the ensuing callousness that would be bound to creep into society would rob it of many worthwhile values.

Too much of the Western lifestyle is being copied without seriously being evaluated. Take the joint family system. It achieves a lot more than is apparent at a cursory glance. The obvious conveniences are the freedom of movement for individuals especially when there are young children in the family, and providing

sustenance for the old and others who need care. Perhaps more important are the subtle influences. For one thing, having other adults around avoids a daily confrontation between isolated spouses, and this may make all the difference to the quality of a relationship, especially at times of stress. For another, in the traditional joint family mother/son bonds are often stronger than husband/wife bonds. As a consequence the mother-in-law enforces some degree of sexual regulation by making the daughter-in-law sleep beside her when she is menstruating or when she may be observing certain fasts and pujas. This relieves the young wife from having to make herself sexually available to her husband at all times.

The main problems evolve around communication, or rather the lack of it, says Ms Greer, and this has created artificial barriers separating woman and woman within the same household. In a traditional set-up the wife enters her husband's/stranger's house literally at the mercy of her mother-in-law. She is naturally both apprehensive and defensive, and as a result of generations of conditioning stoically prepares herself for the worst, quite forgetting that the mother-in-law too once functioned in the role of daughter-in-law. If a woman-to-woman dialogue were initiated many mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law would find they had enough in common to build a meaningful relationship around. This would be a truly feminist approach — reaching out with love, to know each other as persons, not as stereotypes of a role.

The first priority for women anywhere is to establish a dialogue, to forge a common alliance of women facing common problems and believing in common objectives. You cannot be free simply by belonging to a group. Freedom has to be earned by earning the respect of society. We have to demand respect till we can command it. And freedom is meaningless without economic security. Vocal women must ally themselves with their speechless counterparts, champion their cause and ensure that resolutions passed do not remain mere scraps of legal document.

In England women fought to have the equal pay act enforced. But shortly afterwards work was graded and payscales revised on the basis of grades. Automatically the work women were engaged in was graded as inferior and consequently they rated lower wages. Thus in practical terms the impact of women's victory was minimized.

One of the problems confronting women workers everywhere is that trade unions rarely espouse women's causes, says Ms Greer. Very few women get elected as office-bearers in the unions and those who do get elected are rarely able to take up issues that directly affect women. A simple question of creches. How many factories provide creche facilities for the children of women workers? And has any trade union made an issue of it? or the case of construction workers where women do the most heavy work carrying raw material on their heads and are still paid the lowest wages? Or in villages where water-carrying — from well or river to the house — takes up 15 per cent of a woman's day.

These are not merely issues for opportunistic politicians and social workers. They are women's issues and call for the concern of all women. Economic solutions take a long time. Meanwhile, there is need to create an awareness among these women, to invest their work with dignity and mobilize their energies so that they may carry forward with their own struggle. If women could organize themselves into a vocally powerful group and force the government to take notice of them it would be a major step towards securing their emancipation.

"In India you have an unbelievable tradition of matriarchs," she says, her eyes glowing enthusiastically. "Probably it has something to do with your shakti concept, the concept that women have an inner strength, an inner maturity. The image of Kali dancing on the demon's head is fantastic. There are no such images in Western mythology. But the most incredible part of India is its contradictions. Anything you say about India, any philosophy you quote, the opposite is equally true. How can you explain a culture that glorifies both the Kali image as well as the Sita image?"

In her personal life, Ms Greer considers herself an escapee from society. She lives for her work and both her challenges as well as her satisfactions come from within. She believes she has come to terms with herself but "how can anyone be truly free when society is not free?" she asks with a trace of dispairing impatience. "Sometimes, for the sake of my work I'm forced to give in to pressure. If the only way I can get round editors and publishers is by adopting a feminine stance I do it.

"I treat men as sex objects. They cannot provide my basic emotional satisfaction and I have grown to a accept that. I can take them as surrogate sons, but a surrogate husband....."

A few years ago Ms Greer was married but the marriage lasted barely three weeks. "I expected my husband to be a companion, to encourage me with my career, to take pride in my achievements. But I discovered that he didn't expect me to have a mind of my own, leave alone a life of my own. He really expected me to slip into the role of his legally kept woman! I just beat a hasty retreat. In retrospect, I think I got married only to be able to show the world that somebody had asked me."

"Money — the need for it or the greed for it — is the only excuse for marriage. It strikes me as rather wierd to be sharing your bed with the same person night after night for the rest of your life, putting up with his snoring and grunting and farting. Its an abominable lack of privacy. It can last, I suppose, if you're willing to put up with all that".

The tone has once again turned flippant. But it is a flippancy that is used to camouflage deeper emotions. She confesses that her emotional life is 'sheer chaos'. Human beings experience two conflicting needs — the need for love and the need for freedom — and often one need has to be sacrificed for the other. Such choices leave scars.

Loneliness, however, is not her problem, "at least not when I'm alone. It sometimes becomes a problem when I have to be people I don't want to be with," which luckily doesn't happen too often.

Ms Greer's latest book. **The Obstacle Race,** is due to be released in London in September. It is a historical review of women painters of the last century.

"I never write about living artists. Who am I to pass judgment on them? You need distance in time to view art from a true perspective. And art, judgment or truth, all is open to criticism."

M. P.

THE FEMALE EUNUCH

THE FEMALE EUNUCH tears off layer after layer of the conditioning that envelops us, as subtly as the air we breathe. It identifies assumptions about ourselves and our lives that we take for granted; it exposes the meaning behind them. It works like a 'funny mirror' in reverse: it shows us the distorted figure that is regarded as Woman, by society, by us too, the sickening form of ourselves that we blind ourselves too.

The book starts at the basic physical level and analyses how our minds are twisted. It then goes on to the ideals we aspire to, the institutions that form the basis of our lives — Love, Marriage, Family, Security. The reader is left gasping as all the masks are removed, leaving the ugly skeleton behind. From whatever angle we may look at the skeleton, it offers us no comfort. But neither can we ignore it, for it dominates every aspect of our lives. And having seen it once, we cannot fail to recognise it lurking behind every experience.

Germaine Greer starts with the basics but the conclusions and the methods she recommends go way beyond anything most of us would dare to do, and maybe even want to do. But then must we live with the ghastly skeleton dogging us at every situation?

The strength of the book lies in showing us how to destroy the skeleton as far as we can dare to. While she discards every 'hallowed' and 'normal' concept, she presents the ideal along with it, an ideal which could be at least partly realised, perhaps without the extreme rejections she advocates, but certainly only with continuous untiring and absolutely honest effort.

Personally, I feel that the book's discussion of love and the distorted form of it that we practise is a touchstone for every relationship. It identifies all the traps of dependence, deceit and obsession that we are continually falling into, and presents an ideal which is worth struggling for at any price.

J. P.

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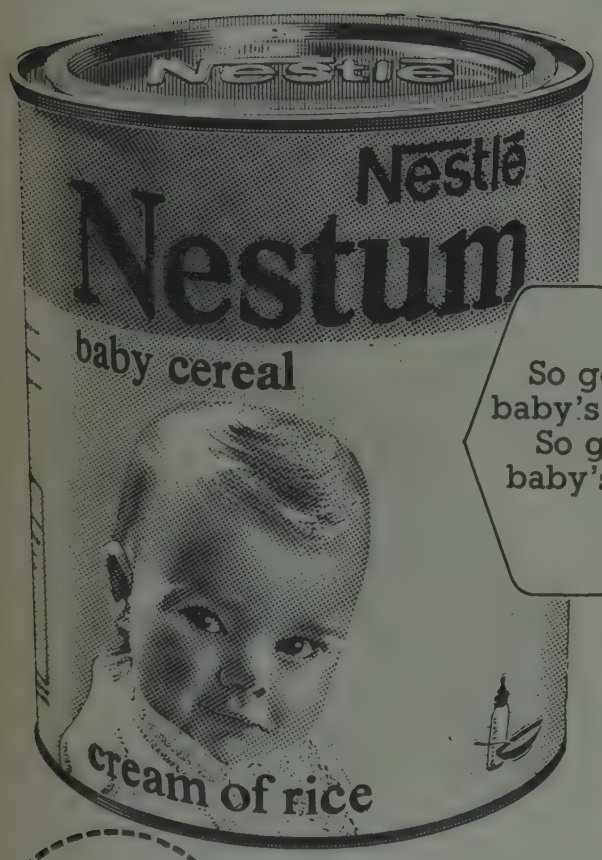

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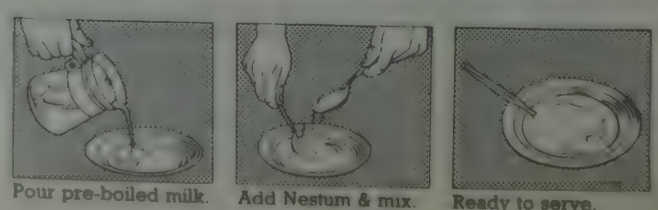

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AO

TO BEAT OR NOT TO BEAT

Continued from page 17

concealment, cunning, say one thing and do another, may behave in a cowardly manner."

Miss Sudha Talwar, M.Ed., Vice-Principal of the Arya Vidya Mandir, Bombay, holds similar views. She feels that children may go to any lengths to avoid a beating. For example, one student showed his parents his report card, on which his marks had been carefully erased and other figures inserted. While returning the card to his teacher, he rubbed it out again and inserted the original marks. "Another student who is of average intelligence becomes a nervous wreck as soon as exams approach, because his mind is already dwelling on the beating he will receive from his father if he fails." This eight-year-old institution has broken away from old practices and believes in governing with reason rather than the rod. "Patience is the key," says Sudha.

A staunch upholder of the old school is Mr. L. Gamaliel, Principal of the Bombay Scottish High School. "Corporal punishment has a definite place in school discipline, but it should be used very sparingly and judiciously. We use it on children of violent natures, who hurt others by kicking, pushing, punching and so on. Their natures are such that words have no effect on them." He does admit, however, "Caning does not always bring out the best behaviour in the child, but it controls his temper. In my days, the cane was used much more freely, but I don't find much difference in discipline then and discipline now."

Mr. Gamaliel feels that caning does not spoil the master-pupil relationship. "On the contrary, some children begin to look on us as their parents . . . However, I believe in showing the cane rather than using it." He finds that girls are more easily brought to reason than boys. "So far I haven't used the cane on girls . . ."

What happens if a parent specifically asks the school not to inflict physical punishment on the child? "So far I have never received such a request, but there have been a few instances where I have been asked to cane the child. But I don't heed this, as I feel that in such cases, if the child misbehaves, it is because he or she is not happy at home for some reason or the other."

"I will never cane my son until he passes his twelfth year and that too only if it's really necessary," says Mrs. Vidya Rao, who has done her B.Sc. in Home Science, with Child Psychology as one of her subjects. She feels that too much caning amounts to cruelty. "I know of a boy who refuses to go to school because he is very scared of his teacher."

Where does simple, straightforward punishment stop and mental torture begin? How should a child be punished without causing him irreparable damage?

Dr. B. P. Shah, a Child Psychiatrist in Bombay, and who has 20 years of valuable experience behind him, says, "If punishment does not amount to cruelty, it does not affect the mind. Unfortunately, most parents and teachers do not know which particular punishment is apt for a particular child. The rod cannot be universal. The child's temperament is important and should be first taken into account. For example, sending a child out of class when he is not interested in studies is no punishment.

"In our society, the father is supposed to punish the child. The mother often threatens, 'Let Daddy come home'. This does not serve the purpose. The interval between crime and punishment is too long. Both the parents have equal responsibility."

On the subject of child-parent relationships, Dr. Shah feels that if the relationship is poor and the child is punished irrationally, "then delinquency is almost a certainty. Also, corporal punishment can produce neurosis and psychosomatic problems."

In his 20 years of treating children, from infants to 18-year-olds, Dr. Shah has come across cases where the child has had to undergo shocking treatment smacking of sadism on the parents' part. "A child was put into a gunny bag and tied to the ceiling ... a mother threw chilli powder into her son's eyes ... hot molten wax was dropped on his hand. . . After seeing all this, I feel it's high time we had an S.P.C.C. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children)."

All this brings us to one question. To beat or not to beat? Who is to judge the child's temperament and decide the course of punishment? There is an urgent need in our country for the S.P.C.C. Surveys could be undertaken involving interviews with parents, teachers, students, etc. Steps can be taken to see that unnecessary violence is not used on children. Only then can corporal punishment be brought into its proper perspective. Some extremists say, "Abolish caning." But by abolishing the cane, can one abolish cruelty?

MALE CELLULOID DREAM
FILMDUMB BROADS

Asha Kasbekar

Rishi Kapoor and Reena Roy in "Badaltey Rishtey"

Vinod Mehra and Kasturi Bartake in "Saajan Bina Suhagan"

No other medium dictates the demeanour of women, as desired by men, with greater effect than the commercial Indian cinema. The portrayal of the stereotypes, which rigidly divides the 'good' women on the one hand, and the 'vamps' on the other, cannot be dismissed as purely hackneyed prejudices, for however naive and harmless the distinctions may appear, they contain the ingredients necessary to perpetuate the imbalance between men and women, and serve male sexual politics.

The heroine, whether rural or urban, is always modest, chaste and bovine. The 'vamp' swings to the other extreme and is wanton and unabashedly brazen in her sexual overtures. The two are ostensibly pitted against each other in what is made to appear a conflict between good and evil. But to consider it as a mere contest of ethics would indeed be misleading.

Both the women are in fact essential for the perpetuation of male superiority. The vamp with her direct and unobscured intentions, made eloquent through the wiggling of comely hips and her indelicate shudder of breasts, provokes male sexual fantasies. But while she provokes she does not conquer. Her bad, bad ways are terminated, wherein she is either shot in the back, spurned with disdain by the hero or made to atone for her frank sexuality. Her function therefore is primarily to provoke, to titillate.

The heroine, more acceptable with her lowered lashes, is the one that is chosen. She too provokes, but relatively, in a more discreet fashion — getting wet in the rain, or in clinging saris or just rolling in lotus ponds, and if her charms be inadequate they are supplemented by the use of the chorus-girls. She is satisfied because she does not threaten his virility as does the 'vamp'. For her, her man is the 'devata', her 'god', her entire being.

For such correct behaviour she is rewarded by being made the wife. Thus both women pine for the hero, but modesty triumphs over sexual impertinence.

But each woman by herself is incomplete, for, the total woman in man's universe is the "wife-prostitute". This totality can be achieved only when the two are juxtaposed. Besides, in the taming of the two women, the male ego is satisfied not once but twice. His superiority is not just stated but it is reiterated.

It is here that Raj Kapoor reveals his mature understanding of the male libido — a comprehension far greater than his contemporary film makers. In **Satyam Shivam Sundaram** he astutely combines the two strains, of modesty and wantonness, by synthesizing the wife-prostitute into the heroine.

In **Satyam Shivam Sundaram,** Roopa (Zeenat Aman) is an ugly girl. Despite her alleged lack of feminine appeal, she embodies the Indian male's dream of the ideal woman — obedient, religious, with a beautiful voice and an even more beautiful body. She is always scantily dressed but modest in her sexual overtures. To this

is added a dash of pathos by the inclusion of social persecution and parental neglect, so as to make her even more desirable.

Roopa waits with parted legs at the railway station for the arrival of engineer Rajiv (Shashi Kapoor). To render acute the delicious pangs of anticipation, he ignores her and walks purposefully to the dam — which through a willing suspension of disbelief we must accept as constructed by him.

Roopa captivates him with her mellifluous voice and her nubile body, and their erotic meetings in their private garden of Eden dominate the first half of the film.

The second half explores the male libido. When Rajiv proposes marriage to Roopa, he forgets to take a look at her face, so when the tragic, fragile and byronic engineer discovers that his wife is ugly, he refuses to believe her to be the one he has loved.

Thereupon she becomes the wife-mistress, each man's desired ideal. During the day she is the wife, on whom he vents all his frustrations. We are thus provided with heartening images of the wife grovelling at her husband's feet, and waiting for his return at the end of the day with the mute look of a hang-dog. At night she becomes the wanton mistress, erotic and always willing, who meets him stealthily by moonlight, at their habitual nook by the waterfall.

It takes a flood and the destruction of an entire village for the husband to realize that his wife and mistress are one and the same, and that both her body and "soul" are beautiful, even if her face is not.

Fidelity and tolerance are equally important if a woman is to deserve the love of her man. In **Swarag Narak,** Shabana Azmi has to patiently bear with the dissipation of her languid husband, till he walks the straight and narrow. She is cited as the exemplary woman whose lifestyle must be emulated by the others. That half her life has been wasted on a good-for-nothing lout is not of consequence.

Some films not only teach Indian women their duty, but also explain to them in gentle tones that their world must not extend beyond that of their husbands. Apart from **Swarag Narak,** the same bit of didacticism figures in **Badaltey Rishtey,** and with astounding irony, this bit of gospel comes from none other than the man who loves the woman, but who does not marry her.

In **Badaltey Rishtey,** the unfortunate Savitri's horoscope predicts two marriages. The first husband is not expected to survive the first forty days of marriage, while the second promises a lifetime of marital bliss.

Savitri (Reena Roy) and Manohar (Rishi Kapoor) love each other, but Sagar (Jeetendra), who is brother Anup's friend and has lent him money, also loves Savitri. Since Sagar has a more appealing bank-account and better worldly prospects, Savitri's mother decides to have a paralytic attack when she refuses his offer of marriage.

So while Manohar recovers from his skiing accident, Savitri decides to marry Sagar and be done with her first marriage, so that 40 days later she can settle down to a happy life with Manohar.

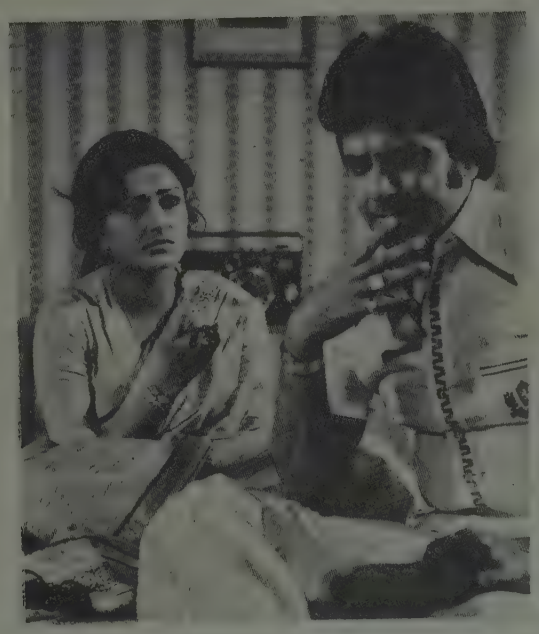
But one can't trust astrologers anymore, for while Sagar has a penchant for falling off roofs and driving off cliffs, he refuses to die. And while Savitri waits with anxiety for the prediction to take its course, it is Manohar who decides that Savitri should love her husband and not nurture any independent emotions.

Badaltey Rishtey in no uncertain terms upholds and condones the present plight of women, where they must submit to parental emotional black-mail, love their husbands whatever they may be, and that once their 'virtue' has been gifted away to a single man, they reach a point of no return.

Even the behaviour of a widow is decided by men, and, in case of exception, requires the sanction of men. In **Saajan Bina Suhagan,** Nutan continues to wear the traditional marks of a married woman, but only after her husband has given her prior permission to do so. And then again she does so not out of joy, but coercion by her late husband.

Few films genuinely concern themselves with the moot problem of women in the country. One of the only directors who has probed deep into women's unfortunate plight is Mani Kaul. All his films — **Uski Roti, Duvidha** and **Ashadh Ka Ek Din** — centre on the exploitation of women by men. But these films, fortunately for our men, are never likely to be screened for the general public.

Zeenat Aman and Shashi Kapoor in "Satyam Shivam Sundaram"



Moushumi and Jeetendra in "Swarag Narak"

MECHANICS

IT'S SIMPLER THAN YOU THINK

If women are no good at things mechanical, it's because we have not tried our hand at it. A guide to a better understanding of gadgets and machines.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRICAL FITTINGS

Dilip Bam

Electricity has become so much a part of our lives today that we have come to take it for granted. Lights, fans, refrigerators, air-conditioners, mixers, ovens, irons, geysers, toasters, stereo systems, and practically everything in your house that moves is moved by electricity.

The source of all this electric power in your house is the ubiquitous plug-point. Normally, whenever you want to use any gadget, you push the plug into the socket in the wall, push the wall switch 'on' and proceed to use your gadget. If for some reason your gadget does not work, it need not be that there is something wrong with the gadget itself. The fault may lie in any one of the following three things :

a) the plug

b) the socket

c) the switch.

If, after checking the above three in the manner described below, you find nothing wrong with them, then you may conclude that the fault does indeed lie in the gadget.

Checking the above three is very simple. All you need is a **Tester,** the best of which should not cost more than eight rupees, though you can get a pretty good one for about five rupees. The only other thing you need is an old used razor blade or a kitchen knife, if it is sharp enough.

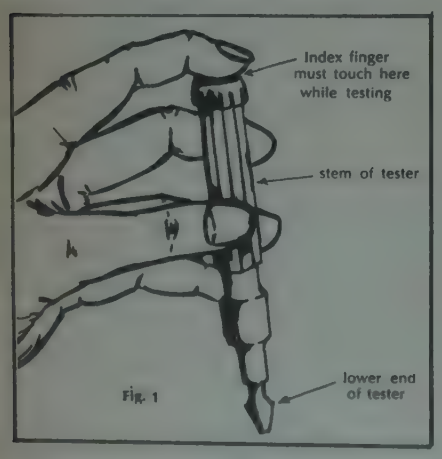


Fig. 1

A diagram of the tester and how to hold it is shown in **fig. 1.** It is nothing but a screwdriver with a transparent handle which houses an 'element' which glows whenever electricity passes through it. The lower end (i.e. the lip of the screwdriver part) should be held against the place you want to test for flow of electricity, holding the tester as shown.

CHECKING THE PLUG

To find out whether the fault lies in the plug, pull it out from the socket, holding its body firmly. Never tug at the wire.

Plugs are of two types: the two pin type and the three pin type. Both these types are shown in **fig. 2.**

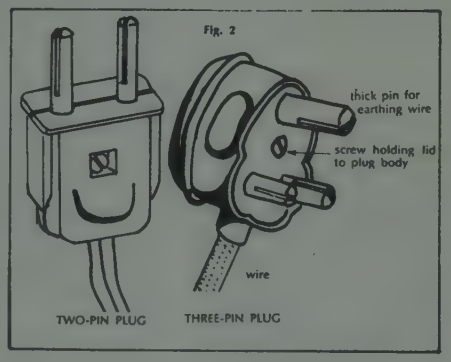


Fig. 2

Between the two (or three, depending on the type of plug it is) prongs of the plug is a screw which holds the shell and cover of the plug together. In a two pin plug this is sometimes found on the side.

Unscrew it and open the cover. You will find two (or three, again depending on the type of plug) wires clamped under two (or three) tiny brass screws or clamps. (In the three-pin variety of plug, the third pin is for "earthing" — i.e. to prevent severe shock; the wire clamped under it is usually green.)

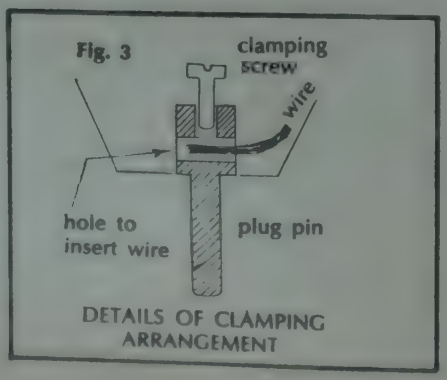


Fig. 3
DETAILS OF CLAMPING ARRANGEMENT

About the only thing that could be wrong with the plug (apart from the plug itself being broken — in which case, change it immediately) is that the wire could be dislodged from under its clamp. (Details in **fig. 3.**)

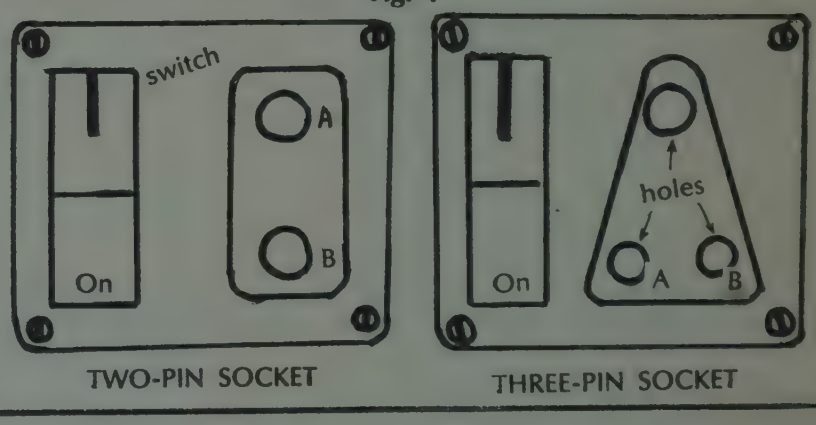
Setting it right is easy: loosen the clamping screw and make the wire independent of the plug. With the help of the razor blade, peel off about half a centimetre of insulation (plastic coating) from the ends of the wires. Twist the naked metallic wire ends gently with your fingers so that the shreds become compact. Insert one wire each under the tiny brass screws mentioned earlier and tighten them. Tug gently at the wires to ensure that the clamping is secure. (N.B. It is very important to remember that if it is a three pin plug and there are three wires leading from it, the **green** wire must be clamped under the **thick** prong). Now put the cover back and screw it on.

If, however, you find that everything is in place inside the plug, you can be fairly sure that there is no fault in the plug and you can go on to the next thing on the checklist.

CHECKING THE SOCKET

If your appliance is new, the chances of there being a defect in the plug are remote. More-

Fig. 4

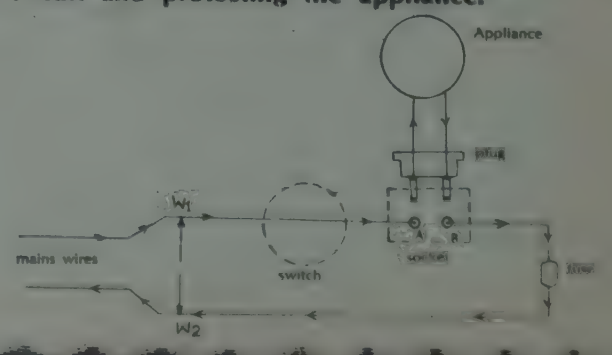


COMMON TERMS & PRECAUTIONS

Electricity is generated in a power station and comes to your house through copper wires. Substances through which electricity can flow are called conductors (because electricity is conducted through them) and substances through which electricity cannot flow are called non-conductors. Metals are good conductors of electricity; wood, rubber and bakelite are bad conductors, also called insulators.

COMMON ELECTRICAL TERMS:

Blow a fuse : In order to protect the appliance and other parts of the circuit, a "fuse" is placed in the circuit (the diagram above is of a typical circuit). A fuse is just a piece of wire which is weaker than all other parts of the circuit and will burn out before anything else, thus cutting off the circuit and protecting the appliance.



over, nowadays most appliances come with a one-piece, sealed plug. This is a factory-built job and it is unlikely that there is anything wrong with it. Even if there is, you cannot do anything about it since the whole plug has to be changed and the shop you bought your appliance from should change it for you, either free (usually) or at a very nominal cost.

So, if you have found nothing wrong with the plug or if the plug is a one-piece, sealed type, you had better examine the socket in the wall. Common two pin and three pin type sockets are show in **fig. 4.** The procedure for correcting the fault in both two and three pin type sockets is the same and very similar to the procedure for the plug.

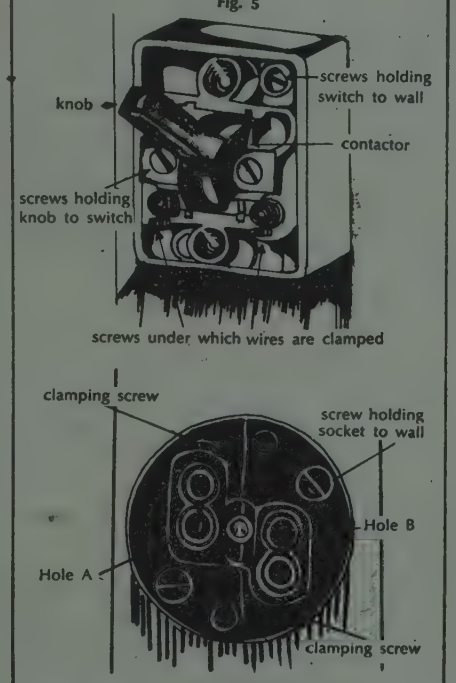
Hold the tester between your middle finger and thumb, with your index finger touching the metallic ring at the top of the tester (as shown in **fig. 1**). Put on the switch of the socket you are testing and insert the lower end of the tester into each of the holes of the socket, normally used to insert the plug (A and B in **fig. 4**). Proceeding one by one, making sure it touches the insides, move the tester around in the hole. If the socket is all right, a light in the handle of the tester will light up when it is in either hole A or hole B. If the tester does not light up in either of the holes, then a wire may be loose in the socket. If this is the case, unscrew the socket cover and inside you will find an arrangement somewhat similar to that inside the plug.

If any of the wires there has come loose, repeat the same procedure for clamping back as described for the plug. Only it is slightly more tricky since the socket is embedded in the wall and not free like the plug.

CAUTION

Before you proceed to examine/rectify the socket, ensure that there is no leakage of electricity in the socket. To do this, switch off the main switch of your house and test the holes of the socket as above. This time there should not be any light in the tester. A light in the tester after the main switch has been switched off means there is some leakage somewhere, and in such a case it is best to call an electrician. However, if, with the main switch off, the tester does not light up, it means that there is no leakage and the above described procedure for rectifying the socket can be carried out safely.

Fig. 5



CHECKING THE SWITCH

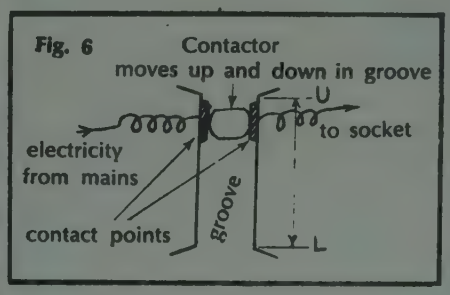
The wire clamping arrangement inside the switch is exactly the same as that inside the socket. Newly constructed buildings (less than ten years old) generally have the type of switch socket arrangement show in **fig. 4.** Older buildings have separate switch and socket, as shown in **fig. 5.** The internal arrangement in the two is, however, similar.

If the two wires inside the switch are also in a securely clamped position, then the fault could be in the circuit making and breaking arrangement, also called contactor arrangement, shown in detail in **fig. 6.** Behind the curved portion of the knob of the switch is a metallic "contactor" which moves up and down in a groove in the switch body as the knob moves down and up respectively.

When the knob is down in the **ON** position, the contactor is in the up position, its ends touching the metallic points on either side so that the current passes through the switch to the socket and on to the gadget/appliance through the plug. When the knob is in the up or **OFF** position, the contactor is in the down position in the groove, where there are no metallic points for electricity to flow through and hence no circuit is completed and power is cut off.

The remedy for loose wires inside the switch is the same as that for the plug and socket.

Fig. 6



Insulation: Since electricity is passing through the wires and touching it will give you a shock, all wires are covered with a non-conducting material. This is called insulation.

Short circuit: In the above diagram, the wires W1 and W2 are shown far apart. Actually these two insulated wires are touching each other. In fact they are woven together, like two strands of a rope. If the insulation of both were to wear out at the same point, then the inside metal of the two would touch each other and current would flow to wire W2 (across the double arrow shown). To this extent the circuit would be shortened and electricity would never reach the appliance. Hence the term short circuit. Short circuits always blow the fuse.

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS

Electricity is dangerous if one is not careful with it and informed about it. Here are a few precautions:

1. Never touch a naked wire. If you are not sure about whether electricity is flowing through it or not, use the tester. If it lights up you know the wire is live and touching it will give you a shock.

2. When you are repairing the socket or the switch, even after you have switched off the mains, it is better to stand on a dry wooden plank or wear dry rubber slippers, with no other part of your body touching the floor or the wall or any conducting material that is touching the floor or the wall.

LITTLE THINGS . . . mean a lot

Continued from page 19

4th round: In Green thread 3 ch., 1 tr. in next sp., then work 2 tr. in each sp., s.s. to top of 3 ch.

5th round: 3 ch., 1 tr in each sp., s.s. to top of 3 ch., fasten off.

Beard: On the last round worked fully in Pink, attach a few strands of Black thread to represent a beard only on the Pink portion to cover the top of Pink triangle.

Hat: With Red thread work 5 ch., join with a s.s. to form a ring.

1st round: 3 ch., 16 tr. in the ring, s.s. to top of 3 ch.

2nd round: 3 ch., 2 tr. in each tr., s.s. to top of 3 ch.

3rd and 4th rounds: 3 ch. 1 tr. in each sp., s.s. to top of 3 ch.

5th round: As 2nd round, fasten off.

Attach hat to top of head after placing a few strands of Black thread to represent the hair. Stitch Red braid round main cover at centre for belt.

WOMAN

Work as for the man till 15th round has been worked. Join Green thread and rep. 8th to 11th rounds once more. Then join White thread and rep. the 4 rounds once more, then join Green thread and rep. 8th, 9th and 10th rounds, fasten off.

Top cover: Work as for man.

TO MAKE UP

Hair: Cut out 150 strands of Yellow thread each 20 cms. in length. Place centre of threads on top of cover and stitch at centre so that the long strands fall on each side.

Band on head: With Red thread work a row of ch. to go round the head, turn and work 1 tr. in each ch. to end, join ends. Fasten off. Stitch band in place round the forehead to hold hair in place.

Attach tiny lace flowers, one on top of band at front, a row of flowers on the last Green row of top cover, and 3 in front of the main cover for bottle (refer photograph). Cut out eyes, nose and mouth from the felt pieces and stitch in place on the face of the man and the woman. Main cover for bottle is slipped on to the bottle from base and top cover fitted to close the bottle top.

Arnavaz Dhondy

INCOME TAX ARREARS CLEARANCE FORTNIGHT

(1st to 15th February, 1979)

The Inome-tax department is observing a Tax Arrears Clearance Fortnight from 1st to 15th Februay, 1979.

2. If in Your CASE the following items have remained to be given effect to , please MEET or COMMUNICATE to your I.T.O. to enable him to take necessary action immediately.

(1) Unadjusted tax payment.

(2) Pending applications for re-opening ex-parte assessment (u/s. 146) and rectification of mistakes (u/s. 154 or 155).

(3) Pending effect to appellate/revision orders.

3. Your co-operation will help YOU and the DEPARTMENT in reducing tax arrears.

Issued by :

Director of Inspection
(Research, Statistics & Publication)
Income-tax Department,
New Delhi-110 001.

davp. 78/479

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Eve's Weekly—
Quiz Contest - 18

HEGMAN

1. Recently a famous university in Maharashtra conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature on a famous cartoonist. Name the university and the cartoonist.

2. Francois Marie Arouet is a renowned philosopher, better known as .....

3. Who was the first man to go into space thrice?

4. 'The Big Four' met recently in the Caribbean. Name the French-owned island on which they held summit talks.

5. Who was the oldest man in the Bible?

6. In which country would you find the Altamira Caves?

7. Which recent Hollywood epic was partly shot near Bombay?

8. What was Elvis Presley's first super hit?

9. Ramon Mercator alias Jacques Moynard was the assassin of a famous man. Who was this man?

10. In Japan, what are 'Kabuki' and 'Noh'?

11. If Paul Cezanne was an Impressionist, what was Edvard Munch?

12. In which play does Mrs. Malaprop appear?

This is the eighteenth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e., the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. The deadline for Quiz Contest 18 is February 17, 1979.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 18' on the outside of your envelopes. The answers to Quiz 17 will appear in our issue of February 24. The answers to Quiz 18 will appear in our issue of March 10.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

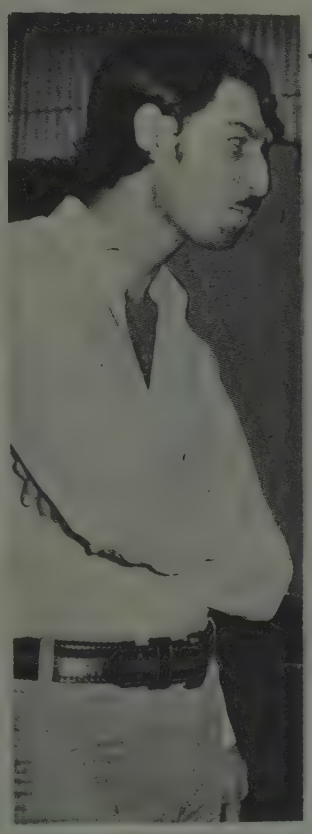
RAJESH— the contented middle-class look

"You missed a fantastic party at **Rajesh Khanna**'s residence," said my colleagues as soon as I landed in Bombay.

"He organized the wedding of Mirza brother No. 2 complete with flowers, kababs, champagne and dancing," informed one.

A week after the wedding I bumped into Rajesh Khanna with the **Mirza trio,** on Sultan Ahmed's set of **Dharam Kanta.**

The Mirza brothers, including the one who got married, had got over the wedding, honeymoon and godfather Rajesh, but not Rajesh.



"You should have seen the ceremony. There were fireworks. The couple's name was zoomed up in the sky in illuminations. There was champagne and a police band," Rajesh bubbled, and I thought how childish and mediocre people get after marriage. That cool, unapproachable, sufficiently unsocial Rajesh has become a contented dal-chaval man having these gudda-guddi marriages. I can understand a party, even a party to celebrate the flopping of **Prem Bandhan,** but not this waste of energy and imagination. Before he is more messed up with arranging the marriages of Twinkle's doll and Chinky's doll or Mirza the III, I have decided to get him unmarried. He needs a lot of chipping and cutting up to rub off his contented middle-class look.

That night on the set we all sat till 1 a.m. waiting for **Prem Bandhan** prints. With the help of Mirza brothers, Rajesh wanted to cut two thousand feet. Ramanand Sagar slept over the print. The release was next day and Rajesh was to leave for Madras. It would have been better had they spent their time clipping the film earlier; the marriage could have failed later. A better wedding present would have been to leaf through a bestseller, and buy off the rights and present it to the bridegroom for a screenplay. Seeing Rajesh's ruin, don't you feel that to be an Akbar you need a Birbal?

* *

Sam Sugnu Jethwani (Jugnu to my readers), the shipping magnate, had his four-film muhurat around the pool of Centaur Hotel.

It pretty well attracted Rajesh, Zeenat, the Kapoor clan, etc. But the process was as follows: first they ran out of liquor, then food, then the host.

Romi Nihal (Salina Khan of Linking Road) ran out at the stroke of twelve, Sugnu ran after her I suppose with Cinderella's slipper.

Rajesh Khanna, who made the fatal mistake of marrying Cinderella Dimple five years ago, stayed on with a change of location. He shifted the party to a suite.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Smt. Maniben M.P. Shah Women's College of Arts & Commerce organised a project called "Community comes to the College" which was a sort of 'Open House' for the public to come and view the activities of the College. The objective of the project was to create an awareness about the various openings available at the college which are of benefit to the community at large and housewives in particular.

The project was inaugurated by Dr. Madhuriben Shah, Vice-Chancellor, S.N.D.T. Women's University. The programme included a mehndi & hair styling demonstration by Saroj Oza, a Mandana demonstration by Ishwarbhai Desai and a cookery demonstration by Sarayu Nanavati.

* * *

The Oberoi-Sheraton Hotel sponsored their fourth successive Vintage Car and Motorcycle Fiesta, organised by the Indian Automative Racing Club (IARC). The cars participating included a 1935 Chrysler Airflow, a 1921 Ford 'Tin Lizzie', a 1936 Mercedes Benz, a 1930 Packard, a 1928 Austin Sevens, a Rolls Royce 'Silver Wraith' and a 1939 Jaguar. A 1924 Rover in immaculate condition was displayed in the Hotel's lobby to mark the occasion.

Mr. Pradeep Patkar shared the Oberoi-Sheraton/IARC Trophy with Mr. Himmatsingka, who also won the trophy for the best Period Costume.

* * *

The Leo Club of Bombay Vakola, a youth organisation sponsored by the Lions Club of Vakola, organised an On The Spot Art Competition in which 327 school children, studying in Vakola in the age group six-sixteen years, participated. The competition was held to mark the International Year of the Child.

The children were divided into three age groups: six-ten, 11-14 and 14-18.

The prize-winners were:

In group A — Joyce Macpherson, St. Charles' Convent; group B — Usha Navale, Vakola Upper Primary School; group C — Suman Lotike, also Vakola Upper Primary School. The competition was open to both girls and boys. The judges were, Mr. Patel from the Design Centre of the Weavers' Service Centre, Mr. Suhas Bahulkar, lecturer at the Sir J. J. School of Art and Pinky Arya, student of Nirmala Niketan. Surprisingly, one of the most popular subjects chosen by the students was cricket!

* * *

The Yoga Institute organised a two-day education exhibition on "Self-improvement and better living through Yoga" in order to educate the people about scientific techniques of Yoga. The highlight of the exhibition was the use of posters to depict the various aspects of Yoga.

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1. Mrs. Jaya Bachchan inaugurated an exhibition of work done by women of Kadav village, organised by Aruna Shah (2nd from left), Seema Kumar and Sushma Mehrotra in Bombay.

2. Seen at Mrs. Etty Netto's exhibition of wrought iron items in Bombay are, from left, Miss Naomi Netto, Mrs. Netto, Mrs. Horino, wife of the Consul-General of Japan, Mrs. Suehiro, wife of the Japenese Consul, Miss Nicola Netto and Mrs. Hena Rahimtulla.

3. Mrs. Maureen Vas, wife of Lt. Gen. E. A. Vas, PVSM, MVC, GOC-in-C, Eastern Command, giving away a prize to an NCC Cadet for excellence in aeromodelling at the All-India Aeromodelling finals, held near Calcutta.

4. Mrs. Horino, (left) chief guest at the farewell function held by the Indian Chapter of the O'Hara School of Ikebana, Bombay, for its last President, Mrs. Nirmala Sharma, gives her a gift on behalf of the Chapter.

DELHI

Utkal Lakshmi, the showroom of the Orissa Handloom Corporation was inaugurated at the Underground Shopping Compex in Connaught Place. Orissa's handlooms are a vivid example of its artisans' traditional skill and creativity. The Corporation provides full-time employment to 14,000 weavers and craftsmen. **Utkal-Lakshmi** will manufacture and provide fabrics of desired specification to exporters. At the inauguration of **Utkal-Lakshmi,** Mr. K. C. Das, managing director of the Orissa State Handloom Corporation hosted a press conference and a lunch at the Welcomhotel Maurya.

CALCUTTA

Music lovers of Calcutta thronged to hear Pandit Ravi Shankar at a festival held at Kalamandir. Premen Mitra, Jnanprakash Ghosh, Hirendra Ganguly and others spoke on the various aspects of the maestro's music.

Pandit Ravi Shankar's way of saying 'thank you' was a glorious four-hour sitar recital. He started with raag **Marva,** rendering it masterfully with Pandit Kisan Maharaj accompanying him on the tabla, drawing out the endless rhythmic patterns of the **tana.**

* * *

Dr. Leslie Fiedler, Chairman of the English Department at the State University of New York, Buffalo, gave a talk on "Myth, Ambivalence and the American Mind" in Calcutta. Dr. Fiedler who is a well known literary critic and author, and has served as a National Book Awards judge, was particularly interested in the application of psychological methods to literary criticism.

SUNDARGARH

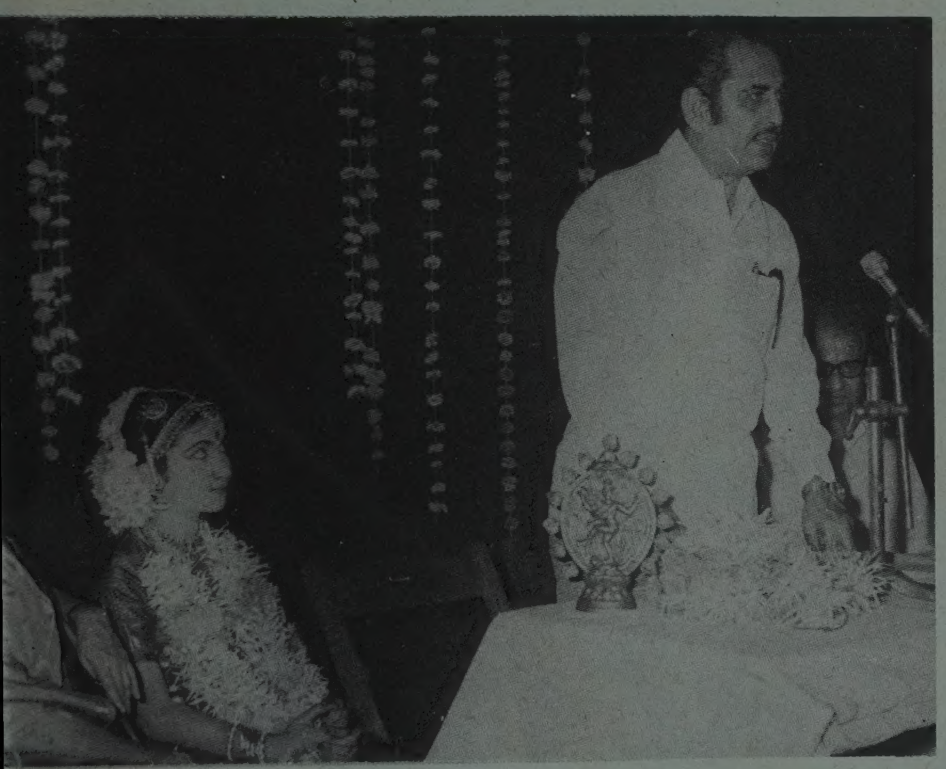
Under the presidentship of Mrs. S.P. Parida, the Nari Kalyan Kendra arranged an immunisation camp at Subdega in Sundargarh district. The area is inhabited mainly by Adivasis whose children have very little resistance to diseases. About 2000 children benefited from the camp.

This special "Gift of Life" programme is a unique one and other service projects have been started to keep pace with this one.

KERALA

A grand Flower Show was held four days in Cochin. Mrs. Sita Krishnan wife of Vice Admiral N. Krishnan, one of the organisers of the show, welcomed the gathering. Mr. V. P. Gopalan Nambiyar, Chief Justice, Kerala High Court, inaugurated the Flower Show at the Subhas Park.

There were as many as 350 organisations and individuals participating in the Show. Among the various competitions held were ornamental foliage, 'drawing room arrangements' and vegetable decorations. Mr. A. K. Sesadhiri, the Mayor of Cochin, presided.



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5. Mr. Hashu Advani, state Minister for urban devlpnt., was the chief guest at Vandana Hegde's arangetram held in Bombay. At left is her guru, Mrs. Rajee Narayan.

6. Renowned magician Niranjan Mathur (centre) performed before the President of India, Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy (2nd from right) and other distinguished guests at a function at Raj Bhavan. The Governor of Maharashtra, Mr. Sadiq Ali (2nd from left) specially arranged the function to entertain spastic children. Others in the photograph are Mrs. Madhu Lall and Mr. K. Lall, who presented the magician.

7. Mrs. Bilkees Latif, wife of the Chief of Air Staff, seen at the 'Healthy Baby Show' organised by the Air Force Wives Welfare Association (Bombay) to commemorate the IYC.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK FEB. 11 — 17.

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You will certainly be winding up some of your present interests, activities and friendships in the coming twelvemonth. Business changes could be imminent and changes in this area — or in home life — could use up your reserves of capital and leave you struggling for a time. However, such struggles will lead to a breakthrough around the turn of the year and it doesn't mean that the year ahead will be miserable! Far from it, for there will be much social activity with new friendships forming. In early 1980 you might link up with a person who is vital, if rather aggressive — a go-getter — but also possessing an outstanding artistic ability. October/November could be problem months — healthwise and as far as relationships are concerned. Avoid impulsive changes at this time.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — April 20)

If you want a new job or are anxious to make changes in other directions, it is a good week for getting around, seeking new ideas and information. There is a lot of fun to be had in club activities and friendships will be rewarding just now.

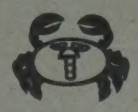
TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

This week's stars might bring an offer right out of the blue. It could be connected with home or working life — or a friendship. Generally, people will be kindly disposed and helpful. Everything is swinging upwards for you; the atmosphere will be optimistic.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Should there have been a break in a relationship, it might not be too late to put things right if you take the initiative. However, you might feel that a change was inevitable and, if this affects business life, a sense of relief could prevail after recent struggles.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)



You are sensitive by nature and could take little worries too seriously. People won't be showing their best sides just now and you will have minor problems and irritations over the next few weeks. Try to be a loving and light-hearted companion.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

The advantage is with others at present. Loved ones, working colleagues and friends will be calling the tune and you will get on best if you co-operate and keep the atmosphere harmonious. Fiery stars are affecting you and could make you impulsive.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Make the most of leisure time to relax and have fun or you will get into a dull routine. If people don't seek you out temporarily, then take some action yourself and issue invitations. Get off on your own sometimes too and give thought to your current and future aims. Busy times are on the way.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

The accent is on the carefree side of life and it will be easy to neglect essential tasks. However, social activity will throw you together with people who can be useful to current aims; you might impress a person of influence. A good week for domestic affairs — and a relative will be generous

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

You will find social life getting very lively soon, romance too, so get yourself up-to-date this week, catch up on the trivial, yet essential, jobs. Money trends are good, so buy what you need for the home and for yourself. There are good buys around in semi-luxury items. A journey will have a fortunate outcome.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

This is a good week for 'secret' matters, also for health and beauty, any official dealings such as meetings with those in positions of authority, for applying for grants, a visa and for making government applications. A new friend will enter your scene shortly and have a lot to offer in companionship, may also put you on a profitable path.

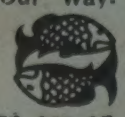
CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Your personality is a big asset this week and people will go out of their way to be helpful, will meet you half way if you are after agreements. Don't hesitate to ask favours.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Mischievous little Mercury moves out of your sign this week so that life — and people — will be less changeable. However, you will still find activities strenuous and that additional responsibility will come your way.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



Several planets moving into your sign are an indication that the next month or two will be progressive, also enjoyable and rather exciting for your love life. Make the most of the happy atmosphere, your own more adventurous mood to push ahead.

According to Webster's New International Dictionary, "February 14 is observed as a festival in honour of St. Valentine, a Christian martyr of the 3rd century. It was a very old notion that on this day birds begin to mate. The custom of sending love tokens at this time has no relation with the saint, whose name was probably introduced through some mistake."

Mistake or not, February 14 has traditionally been celebrated as a "lovers' holiday" all over the Christian world for many centuries. To alter it now would not be so easy. Besides, no one has gone on record as having tried to rectify the 'error', because everybody seems to like it. Lovers particularly, have long ago stamped their seal of approval in making St. Valentine's Day their day.

Although this is not an official holiday, people, especially those in love, derive from it an inspiration to express what they feel about each other.

St. Valentine's Day is the only day of the year in which a great number of people are persuaded to vocalise the "universal declaration of cardiac right" — that common expression "I love you". In other countries, it is said differently.

In China, for instance, lovers say it as "Wo ai ni"; in Japan, "Watakushi wa anata wo aishi masu"; in Spain, it's "Yo te amo" which is somewhat akin to the Italian "Vi amo" or the Portuguese "Euvos amo."

Whereas in France, they say "je t'aime", in Greece it's "Sas agapo". In the land of the windmills the Dutch sigh "Ik bemin U", and in Germany, it's simply "Ich liebe dich."

In Turkey, sweethearts gobble like turkeys in saying "I love you" which to them is "Ben senee sevseyoroom." The Yiddish way is "Ich lieb dir." Nevertheless, "Yes kee seerem kez" is not an American slang for "Yes, you're the key to a searing kiss." It's just the Armenian declaration of love.

In Greenland, however, "I love you" is a tongue-twisting "Univifgsaerntdluinolerfironajungnarsigujak."

"Quiere yo contigo" sounds Spanish but it means "I love you" in Zamboanga City, where Chabacano is spoken. Subanos of Northern Zamboanga province say it as "Mayak ko sin ni a", but in the typhoon-prone province of Batanes, it is "Ichadaw kay mo."

Indeed, love is a many-splendored thing! Different people, with different languages and dialects, having different intonations and different pronunciations, differently say "I love you" to their sweethearts, but they all feel the same thing in their hearts. On St. Valentine's Day all languages say the same thing — "I love you.

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